SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

H. McARTHUR, of St. Thomas, an engineer on the Pere Marquette, is spoken of in the despatches as a man who deserves a hero-medal. He was on his engine when he saw a little girl with her foot caught in a cattle guard in a track on which a train was fast approaching. Jumping off his engine he released the child at peril to himself, and boarding the rear end of his own train continued his journey. McArthur showed courage and quick judgment—he did the thing like a good workman.

Men in ordinary walks of life can do brave things when the opportunity occurs, and a great many fine deeds are done of which little is heard. Now and then a man jumps to the rescue of a fellow-creature under circumstances where his deed attracts the widest publicity, but it is one of the most gratifying of reflections to a man who holds mankind in respect, that there is generally a hero where there is anything for him to do.

In war we look for heroes. We train soldiers to be brave, we dress them for the part, we give them stirring music, bright banners, and coach them in bold traditions. They must be brave or fall into disgrace. But in the industrial army the man is taken by surprise who must risk his life to save his fellow—yet he does it; he seldom fails. The trick is not so much in having the courage, as in having the resourcefulness to act without delay and without bungling. I was intimately acquainted with two young men who lost their lives in trying to save others. There was nothing extraordinary about either of these young men—that is to say, there was nothing about either of them that would have led one to expect that they would die as they did and have memorials erected to them. In fact, among their associates were others more likely to impress one as the kind of men who would with flashing eyes and smiling lips go to their deaths in the effort to save others. Yet these were the two who went. The explanation of it is that these were the two to whom the opportunity came—or on whom the responsibility fell of deciding whether they should bravely risk their lives, or not. They took the risk, and left to the rising generation, fine examples. When I say that these two men were scarcely those of whom their associates would have expected so much, my meaning is that they were not athletes, they had made no records for physical courage or anything of that kind, but it is worth while to note that they were both young men of upright character, and with plenty of moral courage. Each, when fronted by his final crisis, made good.

Binns, the Marconi operator on the lost Republic, who sat at his instrument in the darkness and excitement for thirty hours, played his part like a man. It looked, for a time, as if he would allow himself to be carried away by the applause of the sensationalists and emotionalists of the United States. He received large offers to exhibit himself on the stage of popular theatres. But Mr. Binns, like the sensible man he doubtless is, has turned his back on all this. He has sailed for home, saying that after a month's rest, he expects to return to his work as an operator, and believes he will be a better man in the end for having had nothing to do with these schemes for exhibiting him as a hero. He is right, of course. Had he yielded to the temptation the fickle public would have been saying in a fortnight that no real hero would hire himself out as a music-hall sight.

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IN the latest, and it will be the last, report of Governor Magoon, of the Cuban Provisional Government, to the Secretary of War at Washington, we find once again some strong language used in denunciation of the failure of the United States to raise or remove the battleship Maine, which yet lies where it sank ten years ago in the harbor of Havana. Governor Magoon speaks very plainly, as he has done on previous occasions. "The sunken battleship," he says, "is a serious menace to the shipping of the harbor, as it occupies a portion of the best anchorage. The obstruction has increased annually during the last ten years, causing a shoal. But more important than any obstruction to navigation is the fact that this wreck, although it contains the bodies of sixty-three American seamen, or what is left of them, is apparently abandoned and forgotten by the Government and people of the United States." This he characterizes as a national reproach and an international scandal.

The sinking of that battleship in Havana harbor precipitated the Cuban war. The people of the United States believed that the Maine, riding at anchor in the harbor, was struck a foul blow in the dark and went down with nearly all on board. A furious rage swept over the nation, and "Remember the Maine" became the watchword until war was declared, and, in the end, Spanish rule in Cuba was entirely overthrown. At that time it was scarcely safe for a newspaper writer or public speaker to venture the opinion that the battleship might have sunk through causes originating within herself, and that the disaster might not have been due to Spanish treachery. But in the ten years that have elapsed attention has been called to the destruction of two or three battleships in other of the world's navies, under like circumstances, and where no treachery from outside could be suspected. In fact, the opinion grows that the Maine was not struck from without at all, but perished from within, owing to fires and explosions. The failure of the Washington Government to raise the vessel strengthens this opinion, for the Maine could have been raised; and she should have been raised not only to clear the harbor of obstruction, but to give burial to brave men who went down in her. Spaniards said from the first that the battleship would never be raised because proof would be brought to the surface that Spain had had nothing whatever to do with the fate of the Maine, and the long delay of which Governor Magoon complains, will cause historians to accept the Spanish view. Inventive and enterprising as our neighbors of the Republic are, it is difficult to understand why they would leave that battleship where she is unless they fear to let the world make closer examination of her.

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A CARTOON appeared in The New York Press the other day representing the State of California as a small boy standing under a hornet's nest with a stick in his hand. The small boy looked foolish enough to poke the hornest's nest in a minute, but outside a nearby fence stood Uncle Sam calling: "Go easy there, boy." The hornest's nest was labelled "Japanese Situation." The Legislature in California proposes to conduct the schools of the State without consulting the Washington authorities, and in disregard of the protests of the Japanese against having their children set apart in yellow schools and denied admission to the ordinary public schools of the State. President Roosevelt has made various attempts to induce California to conceal her prejudices in the interests of international amity.

To turn from the consideration of the cartoon in The New York Press to a translation in The Herald, of New York, of an editorial in The Hochi, one of the leading dailies of Japan, one gets a violent change of tone. The Japanese paper heads its article with the words: "Don't Anger Us," and after discussing the attitude of California and the ineffectual appeals sent from Washington to that State, concludes by saying: "For the saké of peace in the Pacific, don't anger us."

If Japan wants war with the United States, it seems to me that the editor of The Hochi knows precisely how to provoke it. There is, perhaps, scarcely a citizen of the United States anywhere between the two coasts, however pacific his views and no matter how ready he has been to advise California to go softly, who will read the "Don't Anger Us" article of the Japanese newspaper without getting fighting hot under the collar.

These two nations will not find it easy to keep the peace. The people of each of these two nations regard themselves as an irresistible force, and each expects the other to show submission in some way, to acknowledge by some kind of a back-down, the superior fighting skill and war-power of the other. Neither will back down. Neither has the least intention of doing so, or of doing anything that will bear such an appearance, except for such a length of time as will enable preparations to be made.

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TWO or three generations ago when men were, perhaps, not so busy as they now are, it used to be the custom for a man to make entries in his diary before going to his bed at night, or to spend a couple of hours at the task one evening each week. No doubt it was a good deal of a nuisance, and it may be that these personal records falling into the wrong hands made trouble at times, and yet some of the most interesting books published in England probably owed their origin to the habit of keeping diaries which the authors, as time went on, grew interested in. To many of us there is no class of book more interesting than a volume of personal recollections written by a man or woman possessed of some humor and fortunate enough to have met with interesting people. Of books of this kind we get too few in Canada. A year or more ago when Hon. S. H. Blake gave an address before a church society, relating many of his early recollections, regret was expressed in these columns that a man so well equipped for the task did not contribute to the country's literature a volume along this line, giving his estimate of public men of the bench, bar, in politics and the church. Several of our readers wrote letters expressing the same regret, and asking whether we could not prevail on Mr. Blake to write such a book, but the writer of this page could do nothing more in the matter than put forward the suggestion. It is reported that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will write a book of recollections and opinions, but it is to be feared that he, like others, will find himself too engrossed in politics to actually settle down to the undertaking. With a seat in the Senate and none of the cares of office, one would suppose that a man like Hon. G. W. Ross would turn naturally to the writing of a book of leisurely told recollections, but perhaps all our public men are frightened away from the task by discovering that they know by far too many things that it would not be permissible to print—not while many of those concerned still live. And so the men who could write this class of literature pass away leaving it unwritten, and it is not done at all, or yet worse, it is done by persons who rush in where the chief actors feared to tread. Excellent as is that series of books, "The Makers of Canada," yet the feeling of the reader is bound to be that most of the volumes were written with too grim a determination to explain musty issues and without a sufficient value being placed on the interest that most always attach to the Man himself, with his ups and downs, his faults and virtues, his enmities and friendships.

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"CANADA for nearly a generation has been carrying on a fight with geography," says The London Daily Mail. The statement is not a new one and many like to believe it. But if we were really fighting geography our fight would be futile in the end, and ultimate failure is not what most of us are looking forward to. The London paper says that "the natural line of haulage for the produce of Western Canada lies from north to south, and through United States territory." It depends, however, on the market the produce is to be taken to—if the produce is to reach the ocean and go abroad the natural line of haulage is not southward but eastward to the Atlantic, and presently, much of it will go westward to the Pacific. The London paper proceeds: "By building the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canada Northern systems, Canadian statesmen have striven with splendid patriotism and Imperial foresight to move Canadian products from west to east, keeping them throughout on British territory, or only crossing American territory in the north of Maine." By the way the northern part of Maine should have been included in Canada, so that here we have not geography but only the map to contend with.

However, while praise for the patriotism and foresight of our statesmen make agreeable reading, there are many of us who are not prepared to admit that our great railway systems, while patriotic, are as railway systems unscientific. Sentiment had much to do with pushing them forward, but they are expected to prove extremely profitable business enterprises. North of the international boundary the continent is being ribbed with railways, just as, a generation earlier, it was ribbed with them south of the boundary. Surplus products seek the sea. This is true of a continent, vast, fertile, and thinly populated in a world that elsewhere is over-peopled. To back up our railway systems and prove them scientific, we have the St. Lawrence River emptying the great lakes far in the interior. To-morrow we shall have trains carrying grain to boats on Hudson's Bay. Next, we shall have a Georgian Bay ship canal to Ottawa, and the discussion will end as to whether this country can do her own hauling from the West to the world's markets.

In this country we prefer to think that we are not fighting geography but merely some present geographical obstacles, such as, in a country of so large extent, would necessarily have to be coped with. The continent was not specially made for our convenience. We must accept our half of it as it came from the mold and adapt it, as other peoples have had to do—and difficulties cannot always be classed as disadvantages. They sometimes spur pale people to full-blooded performances.

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SAM HUNTER, the cartoonist, who for a number of years, has adorned the front page of The World with political caricatures, has, by one of his latest and best drawings, so impressed E. W. Thomson, an excellent judge in such matters, that the latter has sent The World a letter, in which he says: "It seems to me that those of us who appreciate the genius of Mr. Hunter should occasionally get up in meeting and say so. That prophet deserves honor in his own country. He is always incisive, yet never brutal, never malicious, never wounding a heart—indeed, a great and gentle caricaturist, always native in his zest." With this appreciation of Mr. Hunter's work a great many Canadians must heartily agree. His cartoons, day after day, year after year, maintain a remarkable excellence of drawing, of humor and of incisive good sense. In the press we have learned to take the merit of Sam Hunter's work so much for granted that little has been said of it in print, although space is devoted at intervals to cartoonists in New York or London, who are never his superiors and seldom his equals. Mr. Hunter lives very quietly in Toronto and has always shunned publicity in any form, yet his cartoons are greatly admired throughout Canada and exert considerable influence.

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WHAT is the matter with the Canadian apple—the good winter apple? In the average up-town grocery or fruit store in Toronto the householder is, this week, paying a higher price for apples than for oranges. Why should this be so in a great apple country? I am aware that the likeliest result from the asking of this question may be an increase in the price of oranges, but that risk must be taken.

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ANOTHER plan has been advanced for perpetuating that misrepresentative institution, the Senate of Canada. Hon. R. W. Scott has worked out this new plan, after having for thirty-four years led the Liberals in the Upper Chamber without once being refresned and renewed by an experience at the polls. Like Senator Ross and other Senators, who, in the past year or two, have outlined methods by which the Senate could be reorganized, Senator Scott admits that the second chamber as now constituted, cannot hope that its existence will be permitted to continue. Senator Scott, like other members of the second chamber, seems anxious to hit upon the nicely calculated amount of reform that will save the Senate's life. There are some of us, however, who agree with The Telegram's cartoon, in which the suggestion was offered that the Senate does not need reform but chloroform. Senator Scott, in speaking for his proposal, said that when the present Government took office there were eighteen Conservative Senators from Ontario; this number is now reduced to five, and before the Government leaves office it is probable that there will not be a single Conservative Senator from Ontario in the Upper House. "Could the Senate be defended," he asked, "before the public of Ontario if one of the great political parties did not have a single representative in the Canadian Upper House?" Clearly it could not be defended. Therefore, as a remedy, and in order to put the Senate on a basis that would ensure its continuance, he proposed a plan whereby two-thirds of the Upper House would be elected every eight years by popular compulsory vote, and one-third appointed by the Government in power for an eight-year tenure of office.

It is probable that a great many people in Canada, on reading Hon. G. W. Ross's speech in the Senate a year ago, and Hon. R. W. Scott's speech on the same subject the other day, were more impressed with the arguments going to show that the Upper House could not continue as it is, than with the remedies these Senators advocated. The Senate is the House of Privilege. It was created originally as a safeguard for the established order of things, against the encroachments of reform. One can understand why those who are life-members of it, or who expect to be, and those specially privileged classes who find the Senate a second line of defense behind which they can retire at times, should wish to perpetuate the Senate, but one does not find it easy to understand why the people at large should desire to make over, renew and continue a second chamber which, even in the opinion of its members, stands condemned. The objections, however, that will be raised to the expedients proposed by Senator Scott are (1)

AN ALGONQUIN PARK BEAVER DAM

A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ENGINEERING FEATS OF THE BUSY LITTLE ANIMALS DESCRIBED ON PAGE SEVEN OF THIS ISSUE.

that he would create a mixed house of elected and appointed members, so that we should see the Senatorial candidate whom the people defeated at the polls, appointed next day to a seat in the Upper House; (2) we should see not only friction between the elected and appointed members, but between the Commons and a Senate sufficiently elective to claim that it was a representative body and entitled to do its own will with a determination equal to that of the Commons; (3) compulsory voting being unpopular would probably be dropped, and we would see Senatorial seats covering large areas, contested by the very wealthy and those with corporation support.

The suggestion that we should abolish the Senate and have no second chamber some regard as a rash one. Yet we manage very well without one in Ontario. Where they exist, whatever their form, they hobble and impede popular government in the interest of the upper few of the population. They struggle to prolong yesterday into to-morrow.

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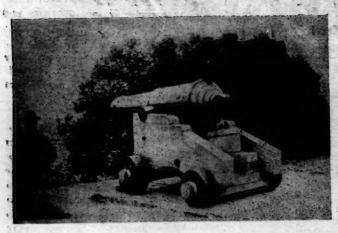
A NEW organization called the Young Australian National Party is exciting alarm in the minds of some Englishmen in the land of the kangaroo. This new political party adopts from Mr. Deakin's policy certain planks, such as a declaration in favor of a white Australia and the total exclusion of Orientals, a compulsory defence system, an Australian navy and no further naval subsidies to Great Britain, and a tariff to protect home industries. To these planks are added some new ones, such as that Australian citizens shall own, control and rule the Commonwealth; have the right to make treaties with any power or nation; the right to appoint consuls to any country; only Australian citizens to own lands and mines; the abolition of all titular distinctions.

The manifesto issued by this new party is so worded that one suspects that it was written by some rather young person. It appeals to all to join in "freeing Australia from the old Colonial element, which has hitherto dominated our country, held us in political bondage, and squandered our heritage," and there is much more along the same lines.

There is nothing so very startling to Canadians in the planks put forward by this new movement in Australia. In Canada we protect our industries even against British goods; we manage to do some treaty-making on the side; we shall have a white Canada if we so decide; we could appoint consuls, or agents, in any foreign capital if it were expedient; we send no naval subsidies to Britain; we may build a navy when we have the money and inclination; we make our own land and mining regulations and amend at will our militia and defense scheme. We still have titular distinctions, because our leading men seem to like them. In fact, the Young Australia National Party need not be so tragic. They can get within the Empire all they aspire to, if they but succeed in convincing public opinion within the Commonwealth. Mack.

The Russian Gun on Parliament Hill, Ottawa.



THY changeless front frowns over peaceful farms,
While gleams the setting sun along thy sights
Which threatened once with death the allied arms,
When gathered close beneath the Alma's heights.
Then rose the humming sigh of flying steel,
And muffled thunder rolling deep and slow,
At thy discharge the thundering squadrons reel,
And moans of stricken ranks come faint and low.

When the long trumpet call thrilled o'er the field,
Six hundred horsemen answered undismayed;
With swords uplifted formed in line and wheeled,
Then to thy muzzle charged the Light Brigade;
And when the Scottish Grays swept to the fore,
To face thine iron clamor, flame and smoke,
The valley shook with thy incessant roar,
And all the echoes of the hills awoke.

Now, thy last watch is on an alien hill,
Where the three rivers meet and seaward sway,
Waiting in silent loneliness until
Corroding rust shall eat thy life away.
The passing generations crowding by
Shall mark the foreign arms upon thy side,
Where graven deep the Russian Eagles fly,
That spread o'er fields whereon their fathers died.

Ottawa, Feb., '09. A. W. H.

Spiritism.

Editor Saturday Night: Just a few words, please. "M. D." refers to W. T. Stead's spiritualistic convictions, stating that we must either "accept them" or "repudiate Holy Writ." And some of the magazines have lately given much space to the subject. Yes, Spiritualism is recorded in the Scriptures, but the doctrine and modern manifestations are so grewsomely like the works of the "familiar spirits"—the Witch of Endor being a notable medium—that the intelligent Christian may well hesitate before paying much attention to them.

Thorold, January 29, 1909. J. E. T.

SPEAKING of Edgar Allan Poe and his long failure to receive recognition in his own country, The Argonaut says that in regard to Poe the people of the United States have been sadly over-led by what is called "the New England conscience—that mysterious censor which usually took pharasaical note of the evil that a man did to himself, while being placidly tolerant, even to the point of applause, of the evil that a man did to others."

WRITERS in Europe are urging that the earthquake experience at Messina should cause the adoption in Southern Italy of the Japanese style of building which is almost proof against earthquake. Japan is subject to these disturbances and her buildings are so constructed as to make danger to life small.

Snow.

By IVAN LEONARD WRIGHT.

STEALING, stealing so silently,
So soft and silver white,
Like ghosts of the tender-hearted
From the Land of Eternal Light,
Each tiny flake so easily,
As wafted by angels' wings,
Obeying the Law of the Universe,
Fits into the Scheme of Things.

Falling, falling so tenderly,
So strangely serene and content,
A silent-tongued legion from Heaven
Argus-eyed, steadfast, intent
White-robed Heralds of Purity
Out of the Infinite Space,
Symbols of Life's ceaseless changing,
Knowing no creed and no race.

Creeping, creeping so quietly
Over the shivering earth,
Wombing it warmly till springtime
Then dying to give it birth.
The trees stretch eager arms upward,
Arm so rigid and cold,
Beseeching the snow folk to heed them—
Their nakedness warmly enfold.

Marching, marching so solemnly,
So serious, sober-wise,
So tenderly pure and child-like,
Visitors from the skies
Proving Divine Existence,
Making for Strife's surcease,
Silently telling the story
That God is a God of Peace.

New York, Jan., '09.

Some Items from Old Newspapers.

By ROBERT STARK.

IT has occurred to me that some extracts from The Edinburgh Advertiser for the year 1791 (a few copies of which are in my possession) may be interesting to your readers. As we are informed at the foot of the last page of this newspaper of four 13 x 9-inch sheets, it was "printed for James Donaldson, and sold at his printing office in the Castle-Hill, where, and at The Edinburgh Advertiser Office at the Cross, Orders and Advertisements are taken in. This paper is published every Tuesday and Friday. The price of a single paper is 3 1-2d., £1 10s. per annum, when called for; £1 12s. delivered at any home in Edinburgh, the suburbs, or in Leith. When sent by Post (free of postage) to any town in Scotland or England, £1 10s. and £2 when sent to Ireland.

In "No. 2889. From Friday, September 2, to Tuesday, September 6, 1791," occurs the following from the London papers: "On Friday last, W. Campbell was executed at Lincoln, for forgery. It appears that Campbell was not guilty of *writing*, but that he had dictated the drawing of a bill on a Mr. Briggs, for eighty pounds; also a letter with the name of Egremont, to both of which he put his *Mark*."

The following extracts are from the paper of the same date: "By a gentleman just arrived from America, we have been favored with the American newspapers of a late date. From them it appears that His Excellency General Washington has just made a tour through the United States, and was everywhere hailed as the Father of his Country; that the States, in place of being destroyed by anarchy and confusion, as was predicted, some years ago, by our shallow politicians, are united in concord and harmony. That agriculture and trade are thriving amazingly, and that the inhabitants, which at the time of the American war, were computed to be about three millions, have now increased to four millions. What is of greater consequence to this country, the American newspapers are filled with advertisements for the sale of British goods of all kinds. Those of other countries meet with no encouragement. Last year two hundred and eighty-eight British ships arrived at New York, and only eight French. In other States the proportion was the same. We may venture to predict without fear of contradiction, that America will continue to be an increasing source of consumption for British manufacturers, and consequently an inexhaustible source of industry and opulence to Great Britain.

"Taking advantage of these favorable circumstances, we understand that Mr. Hammond is soon to set out from England for Philadelphia to conclude a Commercial Treaty with the United States of America. It is by salutary measures like these (not by the parade of idle armaments, and interfering in the politics and quarrels of the different Courts of Europe) that our Ministers will become popular, and the Nation truly respectable."

* * *

"His Majesty has been pleased to remit that part of the sentence of Thomas Wilson, farmer, in Harestanes, lately convicted before the High Court of Judiciary of forgery, which banished him beyond seas, and to change it to banishment forth of Great Britain for life. Mr. Wilson is to transport himself, and is allowed thirty days to settle his affairs."

"On Friday, John Tate, a journeyman wright, was sentenced by the Magistrate (of Edinburgh) to be publicly whipped through the streets of this city, on Wednesday, the 14th inst., and afterwards banished. He was convicted of stealing two windows from the stairs of two different houses in the New Town."

* * *

"Edinburgh High Court of Justiciary.—On Saturday came on the trial of Archibald Mathie and Robert Falconer, carters, accused at the instance of His Majesty's Advocate of violently assaulting, beating, and bruising two gentlemen on the road between Noble House and Edinburgh, on the 20th of July last, to the effusion of their blood, and imminent danger of their lives. The libel was found relevant to infer arbitrary punishment, Lord Eskgrove was presiding judge.

Then follows a description of the assault, which is too lengthy to transcribe, the prisoner was found guilty and "Adjudged to be carried back to prison and detained till Wednesday, the 21st inst., and on that day to be whipt through the streets of Edinburgh; thereafter to be set at liberty, and to banish themselves forth of Scotland for seven years, on or before the 21st of October next, and to be whipt and again banished in case of returning. Lord Eskgrove made a pathetic address to the prisoners, who were much affected, and wept bitterly. We hope this example will have a good effect. Counsel for the Crown, Mr. Solicitor-General and Mr. Montgomery; agent, Mr. Warrender, Counsel for the Pannels, Mr. O. H. Wemys."

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"Thonow (In Savoy), August 20 1791."—"A young man of this place, whilst singing the popular French air, 'Ca ira' in the streets during the night time, was arrested by the Guard. The next day the citizens assembled, took him out of prison, and walked through the public squares singing 'Ca ira.' The garrison opposed them not, and the Intendant Commandant, and aristocrats of the city remained concealed the whole time.

"Unfortunately, a considerable body of troops arrived, and the citizens, amounting to 4,000 were unarmed. Twenty-four of the chief of them fled to Geneva; couriers were immediately sent after them, but they had passed the Lake of Geneva, and reached the French territory. The Senate had this day condemned four of the chiefs to be broke alive upon the wheel; 40 other citizens, of different professions and trades, have been sent to the galleys; and a reward of 1,000 livres has been offered for each of the fugitives that may be taken. Thus the King of Sardinia is resolved to take the most vigorous measures to prevent the spreading of French principles."

"The whole Kingdom of Spain resembles one entire inquistion."

"The King of Naples refuses to admit French people of any denomination into his dominions, for fear that his restive Neapolitans might give Government some disturbance. One would think this precaution unnecessary, when it is known, that on his return to Naples, the populace were so overjoyed, that they insisted on the Queen walking to the Palace on their backs, for which purpose they prostrated themselves, and she actually walked on them to the door. They tore her gown, and treasured up the fragments as *holy relics*."

* * *

"At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, a fire broke out in the warehouse of Mr. Pringle, upholsterer, at the south end of Berwick street, Soho. The flames communicated rapidly backwards to the workshops and stabling in Dueldane. Eight principal houses have been completely destroyed, and a great many others materially damaged. There being no water to be got, a great many butts of beer were drawn out of the cellars of the public houses, and started, which supplied the engines for some time till water was got."

In an advertisement by a Reverend Gentleman in the West of England against poachers, it is mentioned, that all persons will take notice, 'as they value their eternal welfare.' "

"Ayr, September 10, 1791.—If the weather proves favorable, the coronation of the Bust of Thompson the Poet, with a wreath of bays, will be performed in Ednam Hill, on Thursday, the 22nd inst. If otherwise, in Horsington's ballroom. In contemplation of this interesting ceremony, Mr. Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, has composed the following beautiful address to the shade of the Bard of Ednam:

'While Virgin Spring by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While, Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed, erects his aged head,
And sees with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While Maniac Winter rages o'er,
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.' "

[Is "Eden's" not a typographical error? Should it not be "Ednam's"?]

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The following is from The Jamaica Royal Gazette, dated Kingston, 9th July, 1791, and published in The Edinburgh Advertiser of September 13 to September 16, 1791:

"From Woodfall's Diary.—I beg leave to call your attention to the following paragraph: 'That our slaves are now treated with humanity, and that individuals only use them otherwise, we may boldly assert, yet that individuals do continue to exercise wanton acts of cruelty, and thereby throw a stigma on the community, every one must lament who reads the following relation, written by a person who was an eye-witness of the transaction.'

'My business requires me to pass most of the day at a place in the neighborhood of a certain baker in this town, whose negroes and other domestics have almost daily disturbed me with their shrieks and cries. I never could discover what was the punishment which occasioned this lamentable noise, until the other day, having occasion to pass a back window, I observed a young negro boy suspended by a rope fastened to his great toes, with his head downwards, in which situation his master, the baker, was flogging him severely.'

'I directly called some gentlemen who were near to witness this pitch of refined cruelty, when we discovered that a rope was also fastened to his thumbs, which we could see the better as an attendant negro was ordered to hoist it up, so as to raise the body, and double it together, to the great torment of the wretched sufferer. In this manner did the miscreant continue the cruel punishment, alternately raising and dropping the body for the space of twenty minutes, which I can prove if required.'

'We shall only add to it, that the baker resides not a hundred miles from the corner of Church street and Water Lane, and we can, with great satisfaction, acquaint the public, that the matter is in a train of legal investigation.' "

* * *

There are many other interesting items in these old papers, but I shall conclude with the following:

"Paris, September 9, 1791.—Tuesday night last, a gang of 21 villains attacked a miller's house in the vicinity of Paris, between Vitry and Bicetre; they plundered and destroyed whatever they touched, and then murdered the miller, his wife, and little child, and a stranger who came to see them from a distant province; one of the wretches was shot dead by a servant, who had concealed himself in the hay loft.

"They threw their departed accomplice into a quarry, and have hitherto escaped justice. Forty people have been murdered in France within this fortnight by banditti."

Pastor Wagner, who became famous through the praise of his book, "The Simple Life," is no longer the head of a village church, but has a larger congregation in Paris. The call of the city, cynically remarks The Argonaut, has caused a change of residence with the preacher and may bring about a change in his philosophy.

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Artistic Dinner and Evening Gowns.
Wedding Trousseaux, Tailored Suits.
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Choice Chocolates and Bon Bons
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"Rastus," said the solicitous employer, "how many times have I told you that there are no such things as ghosts?" "You's told me dat a heap o' times." "And yet you go on being frightened!" "Well, suh, I believes you when you say dar ain' none. But my min' keeps tellin' me dat one o' deseyer dahk nights I's gwiner see sumpin' dat looks so much like a ghos' dat I can't tell de diffunce without stoppin' to ahgufy. An', boss, I ain't got no presence o' mind whatever!"—Washington Star.

"Whah yuh been?" inquired 'Rastus Peebles of Uncle Zeb Johnsing, as the latter came cantering down the main street on his favorite charger. "Up to Slabtown, to de 'lection," was the answer shouted back. "De 'lection? W'at dey votin' fer now?" asked 'Rastus. "Dey was payin' high as two dollahs dis mawnin'," called out Uncle Zeb; "but when Ah left dey was payin' only a dollah an' six bits."—Washington Post.

Slimson—What do you mean by giving that little boy in the next block such a terrible whipping? Willie—He didn't even know it, papa. You see, he's a Christian Scientist. All the boys practice on him, and he doesn't even dare to tell his father and mother.—Life.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Feb. 4.

THE passing of the quarterly dividend by the Canadian Converters Company was easily the sensation of the week in financial circles, and the effect was disastrous all along the line. From its name it would be hard to decipher just what the Converters Company is. It sounds like an iron foundry, but as a matter of fact it is a whitewear manufacturing business, at the head of which stands J. P. Black, president, and A. Haig-Sims, vice-president. Both of these gentlemen, along with others of the directorate, have for years been interested in the cotton trade and shirt and collar manufacturing, and both Mr. Haig-Sims and Mr. Black have accumulated tidy fortunes from the same. The company was organized early in 1906, with a paid-up capital of $1,700,000, and a bonded debt of $535,000. During 1906 and 1907 the stock sold around the sixties and then began to slack off, until with the passing of the quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. it is now down in the thirty column. The directors met in solemn conclave last week, and adjourned without coming to any decision as to the dividend. They met again the next day and called it off. Then there was a howl in investment circles. What the average man interested in Converters called the directorate isn't fit for print. However, there will be a statement forthcoming, and it will then be time enough to judge.

* * *

A Lively Election.

The recent Board of Trade elections brought out one of the most bitter contests for office in the history of that body. The office was that of second vice-president, and the contestants were R. M. Ballantyne and Edgar Judge. For years there has been a strong rivalry between two factions in this organization, the butter and cheese exporters on the one hand and the grain exporters on the other. In this instance Mr. Judge, who has had a career on the Board of over a quarter century in the grain trade, represented that faction, and Mr. Ballantyne, who originally came from Stratford, Ont., and who is practically a recent arrival in Montreal, represented the cheese exporters, for he is in this business himself. Being a practical man as well as a busy one, Mr. Ballantyne hit upon the expedient of having a canvass made in his interests by a paid canvasser, one who had been formerly employed by the Board of Trade organization with great success in gathering in new members. As the Board has upward of two thousand members it is obviously no fool of a job for a man to conduct his own campaign in the way of a personal canvass, and even one's best intentioned friends fail of results in such a case. The amount of it was that Mr. Ballantyne went into office with flying colors, and at the annual meeting Mr. Judge's friends got up and made personal charges. T. J. Drummond, the presiding officer, did his best to stem the current of adverse comment by the grain men, but failed to a large extent, and while their candidate did not get in office they told what they thought about the methods employed in his defeat. However, it is a question of ethics. The methods employed were those obtaining any public office, and it will probably stand as a precedent for Board of Trade elections in the years to come.

* * *

After Mr. Browne.

The arrest of W. Graham Browne, formerly manager of the St. James street branch of the Sovereign Bank, and at one time assistant general manager, the technical charge being the signing of false statements issued to the Government, did not come as a great surprise to those informed in banking matters. In fact the probabilities of some such action have been mooted for months past, and Mr. Browne himself must have been well-informed upon the subject. Of course, it is generally recognized that he is the scapegoat in the absence of D. M. Stewart, who presumably is still in foreign parts, probably in South America. The peculiar part of the whole affair is, however, that had those in charge of the Sovereign Bank's affairs stirred themselves a trifle Stewart could have been brought to book right here in the city of Montreal without the least difficulty. However, the opportunity was lost. Mr. Browne has, since the Sovereign crash, been conducting a financial office here, and it is said that he has met with a good deal of success in a number of deals in the "Street."

* * *

General Manager Chamberlain.

People are still wondering why Frank W. Morse left so suddenly his position of general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and they will probably keep on wondering until such time as Mr. Morse sees fit to unfold the tale himself. The advent of E. J. Chamberlain on the scene as Mr. Morse's successor, came as a pleasant surprise. As the general manager of the Canada Atlantic, in the days of J. R. Booth's ownership, previous to its sale to the Grand Trunk, Mr. Chamberlain was a frequent visitor to Montreal, and was well liked. He is looked upon as a most competent railway man with a gift for managing men, which, after all, is a railway man's chief stock-in-trade. In the Canada Atlantic, E. J. Chamberlain and C. J. Smith, who was the traffic manager, and who afterwards took over the general managership of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, were a strong team; and stranger things have happened than Smith's going back into the railway world again along with his former chief officer.

* * *

TORONTO, Feb. 5.

THE spread of socialism and the cheapness of money are the important factors with which the investor of to-day has to deal. We never had a like situation in Canada. The sentimental effect of the growth of municipal ownership is to sell the securities of private corporations, but at the present time this is counteracted by the abundance of money at rates the lowest on record. Despite the general quietness of trade, the prices of many stocks are the highest in two years, and the Latin-American issues, in which so many Canadians are interested, now sell at the highest quotations on record. There is probably no scene of human effort into which so many varying and subtle factors enter as the stage on which daily take place the rise and fall of security and commodity prices. As is but natural, the method most commonly adopted in endeavoring to forecast the future of any and all markets is nevertheless a comparison of existing conditions with conditions known in the past. This is, indeed, the only method that can be used in making these deductions by reasoning men; but it is at best faulty because of the intensely mutable character of markets, and the fact that each time the attempt is made to draw a comparison it is found that new elements in the situation render precise analogy impossible. It is thus apparent that these matters, as they now stand, have never had an exact parallel before. One of the great forces now playing or seeming to play in financial affairs, as before stated, is the existence of a vast supply of money, which makes every kind of financial negotiation or arrangement relatively easy; another is the great prosperity in the Western agricultural section, whose continuance seems fairly assured for an indefinite time to come owing to the obvious circumstance that the world's consumption of the staple foodstuffs is rather more than equal to the production of these articles, insuring for them, therefore, a high price, and a more or less depressed state of business in the Eastern provinces.

* * *

Result of Tariff.

On the whole, there are relatively fewer complaints of dullness of trade in Canada than in the United States. The prospective changes in the tariff across the line is no doubt responsible in a measure for the slackness in trade there. It is admitted that business over the country at large is at the present moment in a curiously "spotted" condition. Trade cannot be said to be either good or bad as a whole, because it is very good in certain sections and in certain lines, many of these prospering industries being of important character and unquestionably poor in other directions and other lines. A reaction has taken place in the copper trade and in the metal industries generally, so that stocks of these commodities, particularly of raw materials, are piling up. As they accumulate they naturally press upon the market and cause price cutting in various directions; and that the iron and steel industry has suffered somewhat especially recently, from these price cuttings is an open secret.

Again, the coal trade, which is, of course, always a matter of more interest to the East than to the West, is undoubtedly dull, partly by reason of the relatively small amount of bituminous coal bought for manufacturing purposes and partly by reason of the open winter, which has greatly diminished the use of anthracite. The extraordinarily mild weather of the winter thus far has been, beyond any question, a veritable business curse. It has injured the sale of all that which the commercial trade reviews describe as "seasonable merchandise" and has in general interfered with all the operations of trade for which permanent arrangements are made year in and year out, based upon the idea that normal or approximately normal weather may be expected to prevail.

* * *

Increased Dividend.

The shareholders of the Toronto Railway Company met on Wednesday, and passed the several reports. Perhaps the most interesting news in this connection was the announcement by President Mackenzie that the company will increase the dividend this year on the stock from 6 to 7 per cent. per annum. In 1906 the dividend was increased from 5 to 6 per cent., and the stock rose to 125 1-4. In 1908 the highest price was 109 1-2, and in 1907 it reached 115 1-2. The stock is now selling around 120. Net earnings for the past year were $1,721,226, as compared with $1,617,961 in 1907, an increase of $103,264. The percentage of operating expenses to gross earnings last year were 52.9, or a reduction of 1 per cent. The company made payments to the city aggregating $578,994, and the net surplus was $467,684, after payment of all fixed charges and dividends. Since the inception of the company in 1891, it has paid into the City Treasury the large sum of $4,554,446.

* * *

Stock Market.

The stock market has been somewhat erratic of late, but owing to the plethora of cheap money there has been no pressure to sell. A fair amount of the best securities have been taken by investors, but the speculative business has not revived; in fact, it has been quieter the past week. The recent rise in prices has presumably gone far enough for the present, and until stocks are well digested no further upward movement can be expected. Canadian Pacific has been dull and weaker, the decrease in traffic receipts being a little disappointing. Call money is easy in Toronto at 4 per cent. on gilt-edged security. Loan companies are doing well in the West judging from the rates of interest on mortgages, which are from 8 to 9 per cent. in Saskatchewan and Alberta. These compare with 5 to 6 per cent. in Ontario, and about 7 per cent. in Manitoba. The high rates in the Western provinces are due to a certain laxity or rather a sense of insecurity engendered by the laws of the provinces, which have been found to be expensive in operation and disappointing in results.

* * *

Yankees.

The situation across the line with regard to investment was pretty much the same as here, but more intense. In the early part of 1908, although the reserves of New York banks had risen so as to give a large surplus, and while money rates were declining from week to week, investors mistrusted anything but first-class mortgage bonds. It made little difference how cheap money was, or how much better an income could be secured from the rank and file of bond investments. But conditions improved later, and then investors and speculators did not hesitate to borrow money for the purpose of purchasing securities, which not many months before they would have been afraid to buy outright. Of all the effects of the 1908 period of low money this has been the most important. Low money and lack of confidence (the condition early in 1908) meant nothing to the investment markets. Low money and the belief that the general run of bonds were good after all, was the combination which brought about the memorable investment conditions at the year's close. So far the benefit has been mostly to investors who have had the courage to go in and buy—from now on the ability of the corporations to go into the investment market and get the money they need, should be reflected in continuous improvement in the business situation.

The mining boomsters used to spell the name of the new camp "Gowganda" but of late they have changed it to "Gow Ganda." This was necessary because some jokers had begun to speak of it as Gowg-Andy and a whole lot of Andys were beginning to get nervous.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Dividend Notice
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 27th February, 1909 (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum), on the Capital Stock of the Bank has payable at the Bank and its branches on and after payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, 1st March, next.
The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to the 27th February next, both inclusive.
By order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL, General Manager.
Hamilton, 18th January, 1909.

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ISSUES
MONEY ORDERS
at low rates for any sum up to $50. Safe and convenient.
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NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this Bank will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on Wednesday the 10th day of February next at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the election of Directors and for other business.
By order of the Board,
R. CAMPBELL,
Acting General Manager.
Winnipeg, Jan. 2, 1909.

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Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come. Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.—Stray Stories.

"It was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Miss Gushter remarked that her fiance was 'so versatile.'" "Meaning Dumley? Well, he is rather versatile." "Nonsense! he's a regular idiot." "Yes, but he's so many kinds of an idiot."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

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Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
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A Branch of the Bank has been opened at Elk Lake, under the management of Mr. A. H. Seguin, formerly Accountant at Cobalt Branch.

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Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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In Silk, Cotton and Paper are features of our Confectionery Department and we have also

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find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
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TORONTO - - ONT.

Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six month's residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

WRITES AGAIN ON THE BATTLE OF THE "U."

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—Oh! Mr. Editor, how *could* you do such a thing? I meant my letter just for you and now you have printed every word of it in Saturday Night, and Joan says that it will be read by all our friends—my long silly rambling letter. If I had *dreamed* of that being possible I should never have put in that bit about my almost crying over Mr. Austin Dobson's story of that poor little violin boy who died because the great people that employed him to play at their parties "did not think" how tired he must be.

I am afraid a deal of harm is done by people who "don't think." As the old rhyme says,

> Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of will.

I was never more startled or surprised than last Friday evening when John—John is my brother you know, and we have lived together since we came out to Canada ten years ago after my father had married a second time for neither of us could bear to see *that woman* in our dear mother's place. She—my stepmother I mean—is very High, and she has changed our nice old-fashioned plain service at Knutsford quite a bit and wants to have one as nearly as possible like All Saints, in Margaret street. I am glad that we still have the quiet service that we are accustomed to in the little church 'round the corner, where John and I go on Sundays—and I go also on holy days.

But this is how I was startled: John came home from his office very early and he dashed up the front stairs three steps at a time and burst into my little "morning room"—we call it my morning room, but it is really quite small just the width of our front hall but big enough to hold my work table and low chair and the sewing machine. I was sitting darning one of John's socks—John really is *very* hard on his socks—when in he burst like a whirlwind and did not even knock as he always does if the door is shut and I often shut it to keep out the smells from the kitchen when Martha is cooking the dinner—he just burst in and threw a newspaper into my lap and said, "Well, Matty, dear, you've done it now. There's your letter in Saturday Night and all our friends and all the nicest people in Toronto will read it, and won't The Globe be down on you—The Globe and Mr. Levee, too."

I don't mind a bit about Mr. Levee, he is only an agent for some patent medicines which seem to be manufactured by a company calling itself "Dr. T. A. Slocum & Co., Limited"—I fancy it must be an American company, or as you Canadians say, "concern"—for I cannot find Doctor Slocum in the register of physicians practicing in Ontario and I never heard of an English doctor or even a reputable chemist at home advertising such a thing as "psychine," whatever that may be. But I have been told that in the United States they do sell these patent preparations and that some of them such as "Peruna" and "Perry Davis's Pain Killer" and "Ayer's Sarsaparilla" are said to contain whisky, and not the best whisky either. John says that when he was at Moose Jaw some years ago they used to have a drink called "Radway's Ready Relief cocktails."

I should have minded quite a bit about Mr. Hughes, for I am sure he is a very good, kind man.

I wrote him last Tuesday about that Order-in-Council that The Globe published that was made by Dr. Dawson and Sir John A. Macdonald, and he wrote me such a nice answer—though it was typed which I thought rather a "semi-ready" way of writing to a lady—and he said that he had been too busy of late especially during the Christmas holidays just before your municipal elections even to read The Orange Sentinel but that he would look into the matter at once and see that the English practice is followed in future in the board schools here. And I am sure he will—for John says he is a strong Imperialist, as is also his brother, that brave Colonel Hughes, who with no other man in his command except his body servant—Dick Turpin or Claude Duval or some name like that—terrified the rebels in South Africa so much that I am told the Boer mothers used to frighten their children when they were naughty by just saying the initials of his name S H!

And aren't you glad that that little editorial article of yours in Saturday Night has accomplished so much in so short a time?

But, as John says:

> "Great aches from little toe-corns grow,
> Large screams from little children flow."

John says he got that out of Doctor Isaac Watts's "Moral Songs for Children" but I suspect he is trying to "chaff" me as he so often is. I have n't a copy of the book in the house, and I could not find it in the catalogue of the Public Library though I looked very carefully through all the three volumes of it and also the two new parts of volume four. Perhaps they may have it at the Wesleyan Book Room which is a very good shop I shall ask when I am next in town.

But "in for a penny in for a pound." I suppose I am in for the penny now so I may as well go on and ask you the question I meant to ask about The Globe's new method of spelling.

Since I wrote you last week I have been thinking a good deal about that question of how the word "honour" ought to be spelled. You know, of course, that the Dominion Government and all the Provincial Governments use the English spelling but that in the Toronto Public Schools there is no standard of spelling at all—Mr. Hughes said so—and it seems to be left to each teacher to spell as he or she thinks best which seems to be a mistake for some of them cannot know nearly as much as Mr. Hughes must know about questions of this sort. You know, The Globe says that "though this may seem to many a trivial matter it is really one of great and far-reaching importance," and I think it is and I am very sorry they don't take more trouble about it and about their scholars pronouncing better for John says that most of the boys he meets who have been at the Public Schools here speak very badly and not at all like English boys and John says that they call him a "clurk" and this town "Tronto," and that—as one of your correspondents said in last week's paper—they put in "u's" where they don't belong though they want us to leave them out where they ought to be.

But here I am running on again and I haven't yet told you about the butcher and the grocer who used—when I was quite a girl—to have their shops in our village in the far end from the vicarage quite near to Mr. Pumblechook's the corn chandler's.

John says that I have not what he calls "the faculty of consecutive thought," and that some women are like that and that I often remind him of a man that Mr. Twain tells about that he knew when he was a pilot on the Mississippi River. Mr. Twain—he says—tells in that book about a man who could never tell a connected story about anything. Once he saw a big, old deserted house on the river's bank and he began to tell Mr. Twain about the curious history of that house and how one of the people who had once lived in it was a man who had a wooden leg, and he told about him, and that led him to tell about the wooden-legged man's son who was what John calls "a dead game sport" and was very fond of dogs and race horses and circuses and all that sort of thing and that led him to tell about a dog that the wooden-legged man's son owned and that took first prize at several dog shows but the dog was shot by a nigger in mistake for an opossum and this led him to speak of hunting opossums in the South and then they came to a wharf where the steamboat had to stop—so that after all Mr. Twain never got to know the story of the house on the river-bank.

Also John says I have not a very keen sense of humor and this is his reason for saying so and I do not think it a very good one. It was one Monday morning last autumn—you say the "fall" which I think a very pretty and expressive word I am sure you see why? I was in the kitchen speaking to Martha about the washing and John had not come down to breakfast yet. He was late that morning because he had been playing golf all the afternoon before and had not come home until too late for evening service and he had been quite tired out. So I let him sleep rather late that morning, and when I was talking to Martha I thought I should like to ask him—John I mean—what he would like for dinner so I went up-stairs and found him in the bath-room which he used as his dressing-room because we have no regular dressing-room in this little house. He was standing in front of the looking-glass with a razor in his hand and his face—the lower part of it—was all over with white soap-suds. So I said quite naturally "Are you shaving, John dear?" and he answered, "No Matty dear I am blackening the stove." Now that was absurd because this happened on the first floor and the hall stove is on the lower floor—the ground floor I mean—and it did not need blackening for it had just been put up and anyhow he never blackens it—Martha does that. So I think his answer was just silly and I said so and because of my question—perhaps it *was* a rather stupid question but I know I am not so clever as he is—John says I have not a very keen sense of humor.

And now I find that I have used up all the note-paper with the Graham crest on it—the falcon with the motto *"N'oubliez"* or as the Scotch people say "Dinna forget"—and I shall have to send to England for more for I don't like the cheap papers they make here in Canada so no more at present from

Your sincere friend,
Matilda Graham.

Purification of the B.V.M.
Tuesday, February the Second.

P.S.—John says "Colonel Streamer" is a real person, and that his name is Graham like ours. Perhaps he may be a relative but if so he must be a distant one like John Graham of Claverhouse and John says he came out to Canada the very same year that we did and that he was secretary or *aide-de-camp* or something to Lord Minto, who is now Viceroy in India!

Sir H. Von Herkomer and the Philistine.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER addressed a crowded audience at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, London, one day recently, on the subject of "The Philistine." He said the more intimate he became with the Philistine the more impressed he was by the fact that he was a much-maligned creature. The word Philistine had been most loosely used, without any clear idea as to its origin or meaning. By a fortunate experience he had now been able to get data regarding the origin of the use of the word.

From a distinguished lawyer living in Vienna he found that the word had its birth in the University of Vienna, where the students distinguished themselves from the townspeople by labelling the latter Philistines. These students regarded the non-students in Vienna as people who had no conception of higher and freer thought. The exact date of the introduction of the word was 1693, on the occasion of a curious episode. Many serious quarrels took place between students and townspeople, and during one conflict, when the non-students appeared in overwhelming numbers, a student was killed. For the funeral oration the pastor took as his text the words: "The Philistines be upon thee." From that moment the use of the word as designating lesser intellects became fixed.

What, he asked, would the world have done without the Philistine? From time immemorial he had held the balance between the sense and nonsense of mankind, and had been a steadying element. According to his lights he had freely patronised the arts, and had been a powerful factor in the country's government. Surely he was a man to be reckoned with. Moreover, in nine cases out of ten he was a right good fellow, a staunch friend, a clear-headed counsellor who clearly saw the ground on which he stood and, consequently, seldom stumbled. Authors and dramatists had long found the Philistine useful in pointing a moral, invariably to his disparagement.

But as he (Professor Herkomer) understood him the Philistine struck the balance in modern life. He was the little line of intelligence from which they judged that which was above and that which was below. Philistinism should never be confounded with Puritanism. In no European country had art felt the baneful influence of Puritanism—he did not speak of Puritanism in religion—so much as in this country. Consequently, the painter of the nude was but an exotic growth in this country. The noblest forms of art had represented the nude figure, and flesh painting represented the highest achievement of the painter. If a master produced a work in this direction it was nobody's business to enquire who his models were or what was their character. But this was precisely the interest of the Puritan.

Philistines made up the large majority, and hence it was to them that artists, musicians, and authors must look for the substantial reward of the world. He wanted the artists to keep his art pure, to force his personality on the public, but let him be just to that middle line of intelligence on which he was so largely dependent for existence. By that time, no doubt, the audience had discovered that he himself was a rank Philistine. He was convinced that there was a touch of the Philistine in every human being, from the artist to the grocer and from the statesman to the ploughman. He remembered Millais in the Grosvenor Gallery on one occasion passing by some pictures by Burne-Jones with a wave of the hand and the remark, "Oh, I cannot understand that sort of thing." Was it perhaps a touch of the Philistine in him that prompted that remark? It was exactly what a Philistine would say.

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, February 2, 1909.

WE had a stirring melodrama here this season in which wireless played a heroic part. A yacht, with the heroine and a wireless apparatus aboard, was wrecked in a violent storm off the West Indies. The news of our heroine's plight (we had seen her set sail only a few days before with her hero) was conveyed to us through the wireless station of an ocean liner, shown on the stage, and of which an unsophisticated, highly emotional, but right, stout-hearted youth was in charge. This operator became, therefore, the medium of some considerable dramatic excitement as well as the connecting link in the dramatist's story. To make the illusion of storm more perfect, the stage was set to pitching violently, and the unseasoned operator was not only visibly frightened, but was gradually succumbing to *mal de mer*, when, burr! burr! burr! came the startling news of a ship in distress. From the description, of course, and our foreknowledge we soon recognized the heroine's yachting party. Our ship put to sea with all speed, but there were many miles to traverse and the yacht was fast pounding to pieces on a reef. During the anxious hours we were kept constantly informed of its whereabouts and its plight. It was a thrilling attempt at rescue, in which all joined. Finally we heard that the party had taken to the boats, leaving only the lover, a naval officer, aboard the doomed yacht.

This was the last message we were to expect. A long, painful silence followed. The countenance of the youthful operator bespoke our own anxiety and failing hope. Even the captain gave up. At the moment of deepest despair, like the shriek of some ghost that might have lost its way in that awful night, came again the burr! burr! burr! only louder, more insistent and imperious than before. It was the heroine, unknown to her lover above, down in the wireless room of the doomed yacht. Dramatic justice could not do otherwise than reward such devotion and heriosm, and both were saved.

This play had its *premiere* in Washington, and Congress, always susceptible, always (melo) dramatic must have taken its impressions from those stirring scenes, when it voted to make the wireless operator of the Republic a national hero. From more recent contact with the play those impressions were still fresh in the minds of New Yorkers when Johnny Binns put into our port the other day and was made a hero by the matinee audiences of this theatrical centre. As the Republic stayed afloat 36 hours after she was rammed, the personal heroism is not so manifest to some of us. Under existing circumstances, however, impressions were liable to become confused, or not too clearly defined. The real hero of that remarkable drama of the deep, of course, was "Wireless." But wireless is, for all practical purposes, an abstraction, and man cannot worship, nor woman love, wholly in the abstract. For convenience, if nothing else, heroes must assume a definite, concrete form. The concrete form of wireless happened to be Johnny Binns, and like another hero of not so very long ago, Johnny was kissed wherever he went. Protest was in vain, and to escape this feminine tribute to his heroism, Binns took an early boat for England.

Vaudeville managers, of course, had to be heard from, and the modest operator is said to have refused a thousand dollars per week to appear on their circuit. Binns's estimate of an actor is shown in the fact that he preferred his own vocation at fifteen or twenty to theirs at a thousand. And knowing actors, more or less, I am not sure that his estimate is not about right.

* * *

SATISFACTION over the election of Secretary of State Root, to fill the vacancy in the U. S. senatorial representation for this state, is general and well founded. And the result—it can hardly be called a choice—would be just as gratifying without the unflattering contract his predecessor in office affords. From Thomas C. Platt to Elihu Root is a very long way. In fact the distance can hardly be exaggerated, but the distance traversed represents, after all, neither more nor less than the distance New York State has covered on to the road to its political reform, begun a couple of years ago in the election of Governor Hughes to office. Its political emanicipation is not by any means complete, and it is extremely doubtful that the Republican party leaders have experienced any real change of heart, as the phrase goes in Methodist circles. But the political subserviency of the rank and file of the party, on which their control depends, is, for the present at least, over. And, confronted by these new conditions and being politically wise they have yielded with what show of grace they could. Their efforts to save their own faces in the proceedings at Albany, and to make of the "wisdom of their choice," an argument against direct nominations, was an enjoyable farce to those who understand how much "choice" there was in the whole matter. Their hasty, almost indecent, efforts since to fit the mantle of state leadership to the shoulders of the Senator-elect, however, would hardly do credit to the sartorial skill of a Second Avenue tailor.

What the party leaders want above everything else at this moment is to wrest the popular leadership from Governor Hughes. Entrenched as the Governor is in the confidence of the public, he can successfully defy them, and they know it. It is an unconscious tribute to Mr. Hughes that his enemies find it necessary to array so formidable a rival as Mr. Root against him. It is also an eloquent tribute to the success of the Governor's reformatory work that a man of Mr. Root's acknowledged political integrity is thought necessary to dispute his leadership. For the plain English of it all is an effort to divert public attention toward the new senator-elect and away from the Governor—to make the Governor, as a factor in New York politics, visibly less by comparison. A similiar effort, you may remember, was made by those opposed to his nomination for President, to prove, by comparison with certain national figures, that he was not of presidential size. The answer to that was his famous Youngstown speech, which at once become the text book of the Republican campaign. What the answer will be on this occasion may be awaited without undue anxiety.

* * *

ART circles have been considerably perturbed over an incident in which Mr. John La Farge figured conspicuously. The occasion was the dinner of the Architectural League of New York, at which the famous mural painter was presented with the League's medal for the best mural paintings that have come to the league's attention in the past five years. Of sentimental interest was the fact that the medal was presented by the artist's son in his capacity of President of the League.

For a few moments Mr. La Farge stood regarding the medal and certificate thoughtfully, then he said: "This recognition from the architects comes very late in life. Perhaps I have only three or four years more left to me in which to work. . . . Consequently I receive this . . . when it is useless to me as a help to live with . . . and I accept it with some reticence of thanks. I take it as meaning that I shall be able to continue in my errors."

The point of these remarks is that this artist's work has been notoriously boycotted by the architects of New York, with the result that this city contains no proper representation of the greatest mural painter since Puvis de Chavannes. The firm of McKim, Mead & White, of which the late Stanford White was a member, was specifically mentioned as one that had consistently refused to give him work. A number of his works are owned privately, but he is practically unrepresented in the public buildings of New York and of the East generally. In the Boston Public Library, for instance, where Sargent Abbey and de Chavannes each have a place, there is nothing from La Farge. The most representative of his remaining work in New York is the altar painting and windows in the Church of the Ascension. His work in St. Thomas church was destroyed by fire. Perhaps his biggest achievement anywhere is his mural decorations in the Capitol at St. Paul.

* * *

OF interest to Canadians is the charge of theft brought by Mr. Arthur Stringer against the author of the play now running here under the title of "The Vampire." This is what Mr. Stringer has to say:

"I wish to register a brief protest against the unauthorized use of my name as one of the honored guests at the 'poets' matinee' of a melodrama called 'The Vampire,' an effort toward which I feel I have already sufficiently contributed. This protest is based not alone on the fact that any author who elects to follow his calling in his own quiet way is naturally averse to participating in sensational and spectacular advertising tricks. It is based even more on the fact that nothing could induce me to sit through a second performance of a book adaptation so abortive and banal and stupid. And since its theme is the 'absorptive' power of true genius, I think it's about time to point out, reluctant as I am to claim even remote parentage to such an effort, that in 1903 my novel, 'The Silver Poppy,' was published, and that this novel contains some peculiarly interesting parallels to 'The Vampire.'

"The book in question is the story of an author who stole fame, who appropriated the ideas of others and prospered on them, until the final discovery came about. Any one who cares to turn to 'The Silver Poppy' will see, from pages 199 to 202, how the idea of the vampire seizing on and draining the vitality of its victim was there made use of by me. In fact, I was so fond of that vampire idea that the novel, in its original form, bore the title of 'The Yellow Vampire.' Mr. Vierock, in his later version of this story of fame-stealing, has gone so far as to change his 'absorptive' thief from a woman to a man and throw over the action his own pea-green light of psychistry. But, strange to say, not only does the predominating idea remain the same, but even the name of the hero stands unabsorptively unaltered, and bits of dialogue, such, for instance, as the cave-man talk over the teacups, is interestingly duplicated in both the novel and the play.

"I am moved to make this protest, not that it can in any way either defer or hasten the end of such an effort as 'The Vampire,' but more because the novelist who tries to seek his own material and write in his own way occasionally gets tired of playing the part of rabbit to the predaceous and openly carnivorous dramatists of to-day."

The answer to this is on absolute denial and a suit for $100,000 damages.

* * *

THE only new theatrical offering for the present week is Charles Klein's "The Third Degree." This play is said to deal with the inquisitorial methods employed by unscrupulous police officials, in the manufacture of evidence against a certain suspect. In the cast are Helen Ware, Edmund Breese, and other local celebrities.

* * *

"SALOME," in one form or another, has been more or less in the foreground of theatrical activity all season. It was brought over from the "dog days" of last summer, and from the way the public has been infected since it must have brought in its veins some of the deadly virus of that hydrophobic season.

The real "Salome" orgy, however, has been reserved for the Manhattan Opera House production, seen last week, and to be seen this week and next and no doubt next. The subject of "Salome," as Wilde conceived it, familiar enough in the dramatic form, is abhorrent. And in the realistic acting of Mary Garden we were spared neither its horrors nor its seductiveness. The dance itself was the limit of the permissible.

J. E. W.

The Right to Fly.

THE most important international aero conference ever held was recently convened at the Ritz Hotel, London, with Prince Roland Bonaparte as president. Delegates appointed by the aero clubs of Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and other European countries met to discuss questions bearing upon the future of the art, science, law, and business of flying.

Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., who presided at the last international conference, was one of the British delegates, and voiced the opinions of the American Aero Club. He made an interesting statement on the rules of the air, and forecasted the speedy enactment of an international law which will give everyone "the right to fly."

"At present," said Mr. Wallace, "by the common law no one has a right to fly across occupied land. The world is still governed by the ancient Roman law, *usque ad coelum* (up to the skies). That was framed, of course, in days when no one could anticipate the present conquest of the air, and it must be amended. It means that every landowner has a right to the air above his land as far up as he chooses to go, and can get an injunction to restrain anyone flying across it.

"So far, no one has attempted to put the law in force. When a man is flying across your land it is too late to get an injunction. After he has flown it is no use unless he has done damage which can be assessed. But it may happen that a landowner adjoining the practice ground or starting point of aero flights will object to the use of the air above his land. He could then get an injunction under the present law."

Commenting on this question, Public Opinion says:

The advance of aerial flight is bringing its own problems, and one of the earliest to ensue is how it will affect property. Can property claim the sky above it as part of the freehold, and, if so, can it prosecute those who dare to fly over it? The State should certainly see that no absurd private rights in this direction are alienated for selfish ends.

In the United States under the present laws a state of chaos would result should a President-elect die before March 4. There is no law under which the vacancy could be filled. It is held by some good lawyers that the Vice-President-elect would not be eligible to the presidency should the President-elect die before inauguration. There is now proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing that Congress be authorized to devise a means of filling the Presidential chair in the emergency referred to.

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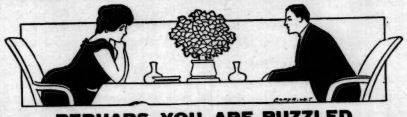

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

DR. G. W. ROSS left the General Hospital last week, and was with his sister, Mrs. Lesslie Wilson in Roxborough street east. He is convalescing very satisfactorily, and has left on a trip to Bermuda.

Mrs. Jack Moss was taken to her home in Poplar Plains road, last week, after some weeks under constant care in the hospital. Her serious condition has sent a gloom into the hearts of her many friends, who are full of sympathy for her and her husband.

Mrs. Dick Dawson, of Weston, formerly Bertha Macdougall, had a double gift from the good stork this week, and best wishes are hers for the well-being of her little twin boys.

Invitations were out on Wednesday from the speaker of the Senate, and Mrs. J. K. Kerr to the marriage of their second daughter, Nadine Jane Hamilton, and Mr. Edmund Featherston Osler, second son of Mr. Osler, of Craigleigh. The ceremony takes place in St. James Cathedral on Tuesday, February 16, at half-past two, and will be followed by a reception at Rathnelly.

Mrs. and Miss Mabel Mabee went down to Ottawa on Thursday morning for the dance at Government House last night. A goodly number of Torontonians enjoyed it also. Mrs. Mabee wore a very becoming gown of canary silk, and Miss Mabel a pretty white frock.

Mrs. Harry Lockhart Gordon, nee Cassels, is visiting her parents, in Ottawa.

The young Marquess of Anglesey and his relative, Captain Paget, were in town over Sunday, and visited Benvenuto for Sunday dinner, leaving in the evening for Winnipeg. The Marquess of Anglesey succeeded his cousin, the 5th Marquess, some four or five years ago. He is now twenty-four. The journey to Winnipeg was an exceedingly frigid one. Mr. Justice Mabee also went up and the cold exceeded all his experience in his many travels throughout Canada. In Winnipeg, however, the weather was much milder, little or no snow. The Marquess of Anglesey is one of several titled tourists who are now, or have been recently in Canada.

Miss Blair Burrows asked some of her girl friends to tea yesterday to meet Miss Gladys Boultbee who will I believe, be one of the spring brides.

Mrs. Michie, Admiral road, is giving a bridge next Tuesday. Miss Doris Suckling is visiting friends in Kingston. Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie is spending some time at Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock fiave returned from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Haas are also back from New York. Mrs. J. W. McWhinney has had a most enjoyable visit in Ottawa. Mrs. Prideaux, wife of Captain Prideaux, gave a bridge in her honor on Monday.

Mrs. Robert W. Reford (nee Violet L. Smith) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 30 Triller avenue, on Thursday, the eleventh inst., from four to six o'clock.

The officers' indoor baseball games at the Armories are each week growing more exciting as the end of the schedule draws near. Last Saturday two very good games were played, the second one between the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own being particularly close, the latter team winning by only one run. Many of the devotees of the game said afterwards that a more exciting and closely played game has seldom been seen here before. To-night the Ex-Officers will play the Grenadiers in the first game, and in the second the Highlanders will meet the Q.O.R.'s. This game is being eagerly looked forward to, as each team has won an equal number of games, and the result to-night will place either one or other of them at the top of the league. These games are becoming a regular Saturday night social event, and the little at-homes that the officers hold at the close of the evening are greatly enjoyed by everybody. Some of those who were at last Saturday's games were: Col. and Mrs. Gooderham, Capt. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Capt. Douglas Young, A.D.C.; Miss Lena Coady, Miss Lennox, Dr. Mackenzie, Major J. C. Mason, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Dr. and Mrs. Winnett, Mr. Taylor, the Misses Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Stanbury, Dr. and Mrs. Snell, Miss Cochrane, Mr. Gerard Muntz, Dr. Henderson, Major Brock, Mr. McFadden, Capt. Percy Briggs. The patronesses for tonight are Mrs. P. L. Mason, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. Alexander Warden and Mrs. S. G. Beckett.

The marriage of Lieutenant Eric Fullerton, second son of Admiral Sir John Reginald Fullerton, and Miss Dorothy Fisher, daughter of Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord, took place on December 29, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Lieutenant Fullerton is well known at Halifax, where he was stationed for some time. Miss Fullerton, of Oakville, is a cousin, by the way.

The sudden and quite unexpected death of Mrs. George W. Allan at her home in Homewood avenue, which occurred on Sunday night, was a great shock to her family and friends. Mrs. Allan had been quite well, or in her usual health, the day before, and her death occurred during the night. The funeral took place on Wednesday. Owing to the very close friendship existing between the late Mrs. Allan and the Mackenzie family, the masked ball which was to have taken place on Tuesday was postponed as soon as the news of Mrs. Allan's death reached Benvenuto. Those who were among the visitors who went to call upon Mrs. Williams Beardmore when she recently received at Benvenuto will remember Mrs. Allan's presence and kind and admiring words about the little bride. She had a strong affection for Mrs. Mackenzie and her family, which they returned, and which has led to their postponement of a big social function in respect to her memory.

Colonel Stimson and Professor Lang spent the weekend at the Welland, St. Catharines.

The ball given by the Royal College of Dental Surgeons in the Temple Building last week was a most enjoyable and pleasant event, the young hosts sparing no pains to give their guests a royal good time. Mrs. W. E. Willmott and Mrs. Ramsay Wright received for the young men, and Dr. Willmott was a genial helper in making everyone hapy. After the ninth dance supper was served, a round central table and many quartette tables accommodating the guests in relays, the central table looking very smart and bright with Richmond roses and ruby-shaded candles, and the supper being dainty and tempting. Seldom has the Temple ballroom seen a brighter and happier lot of young people than at this dance, and the music and floor were worthy of the excellent dancers who enjoyed them.

Miss Merritt, of St. Catharines, gave a pleasant tea at her club on Monday for Mrs. Charles Patterson, at which Mrs. Alfred Wright assisted. Daffodils, the flower of the moment, were effectively arranged on the tea-table, with autumn leaves strewn on the damask. A smart coterie of ladies spent a pleasant hour together.

Mrs. Wellington Francis is going to Switzerland to spend some time with her daughter, who went over to school there about eighteen months ago. Quite a little party of Torontonians are at Lausanne.

The marriage of Miss Susannah Jones (Susie) Ellis, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Ellis, and Mr. Thomas Bowley, of Chicago, took place at three o'clock on Wednesday, very quietly, at the home of the bride's mother, 9 Powell avenue, Rev. George Jackson officiating. Miss Ellis was given away by her brother, Mr. P. W. Ellis, and wore an amethyst chiffon cloth costume, and a fur toque with amethyst plumes. Her jewels were a necklet of pearls and amethysts, a gift from the bridegroom, and her bouquet was of bride roses and lily of the valley. Miss Reta Ellis, niece of the bride, who made her *debut* this season, played the bridal march, and another niece, Miss Madeline Ellis, was bridesmaid, in a smart white cloth Princess gown, and picture plumed hat of amethyst velvet. She wore an amethyst and pearl pin, the gift of the groom, and carried violets, mingled with delicate sprays of white bloom. Mr. Charles Q. Ellis, nephew of the bride, was best man, and Master Douglas Ellis was bride's usher. Mr. Bowley presented each with a pearl and amethyst tie pin. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room, which was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. After a reception given by Mrs. Ellis to the family and a few intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bowley left for a honeymoon in the Southern States, and will later on go to their home in Chicago. Among the many beautiful and valuable wedding gifts was one from the Board of the Girls' Home, on which Miss Ellis has worked for many years, and of which she was an invaluable member. She is a woman of rare qualities of head and heart, and her many warm friends send her their heartiest good wishes for a long and happy married life, only regretting it is not to be lived in Toronto.

One at least of the splendid programmes to be rendered by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Thomas Orchestra is to be heard by His Excellency Lord Grey, who will come on from Montreal with his aide, Captain Newton, to attend the concert. Her Excellency has unfortunately made engagements which will prevent her from making a visit to Toronto with the Governor-General.

Montreal is filling up with visitors, and there are numbers of Torontonians either gone or going to attend the carnival. The rising generation is especially interested in seeing the carnival and getting even with their elders, who recall the winter delights of Montreal a quarter of a century ago, when carnivals were of frequent occurrence.

Mrs. Bruce L. Riordan goes to Montreal on Monday to visit Mrs. Fitzhugh and take in the gay doings of the carnival. Dr. Riordan returned last week from Texas, where he had accompanied Mr. Fitzhugh and family party.

The second annual exhibition of the Canadian Art Club will be opened in the Gallery of the Club, 57 Adelaide street east, on Saturday evening, February 27. when a large and interesting collection of work will be on view. A number of fine pictures are being sent in by the non-resident members of the club, and Homer Watson, the president; Curtis Williamson, the hon. secretary; Archibald Brown, W. E. Atkinson and Edmund Morris will deepen the fine impression made by last year's exhibition by some excellent work. Curtis Williamson is finishing a portrait of the hon. president of the club, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, for exhibition in this year's gallery.

Miss Hagarty and Miss Wrinch had a great gathering of friends in their studio behind the Bank of Toronto, 205 Yonge street, on Wednesday afternoon, when their clever work was on view and their guests enjoyed both looking at the paintings and discussing a very dainty tea served charmingly by the Misses Hagarty, the Misses Biscoe and one or two other friends of the girl artists. Miss Hagarty has a fine portrait of Miss Morphy, and of her own cousin, Miss Biscoe, and many other interesting bits of work, Dutch sketches, thumb-box pictures, in effective setting of plain black wooden frames, and a portrait of her uncle, Colonel Biscoe, in his scarlet coat, which like the other portraits might be compared with the original during the afternoon. Some of those who came to the studio on Wednesday were Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Wyly Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. George Hagarty, Miss Nordheimer, of Glenedyth; Mrs. Dickson and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. W. R. Johnston, nee Sullivan; Mr. Holmes, Mrs. Michael Chapman, Miss Morgan, Miss Morphy, Miss Wood, of Havergal; Mrs. Grasett, Mr. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Plumb, and any number of others.

Dr. W. T. Parry, Spadina avenue, has been appointed surgeon to Toronto Jail.

A skating expert has returned from Ottawa with all the latest wiggles in ice craft, and the Skating Club is busy practicing some of the new capers. I heard some mention of a competition on skates being arranged between Mrs. Temple Blackwood and Mrs. Stikeman, both sure-footed and graceful skaters. There is to be single and double skating and a prize for the victor, as well as many compliments.

Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, of Brockville, and their family are settled at 588 Huron street, where Mrs. and Miss Donovan received last week on Friday afternoon, a stormy day which kept many who intended calling from doing so. Mrs. Heustis and Mrs. Brown assisted in the reception and saw that everyone had dainty refreshments. The reception and tea rooms were beautifully decorated with a profusion of fragrant flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyment, on giving up their residence at Ravenswood, will remove to Mr. Jack Ryan's house in Elm avenue, of which they have taken a lease. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan will be abroad until next year.

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Campana's Italian Balm should be every woman's inseparable toilet companion.
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Engineering Feats of the Beaver

Some Notes by an Observer in Algonquin Park

By "The Giniril."

The beaver dam shown here is situated on Otter Slide Creek, at a place called The Ramplkes. It is one of the most picturesque spots on the canoe route north from Canoe Lake Station and has been painted in watercolor several times by members of the Graphic Arts Club, of Toronto, whose President, Mr. Wil. Alexander, handles the bow paddle in the picture on the front page. This latter photo was made last summer on Joe Creek, on the same route.

THAT the low water in Lake of Two Rivers and the numerous small streams which empty therein caused no small amount of concern and trouble to the many families of beaver which inhabit those waters was evident from the fact that the water had, during the early part of August, 1908, fallen in the Lake of Two Rivers fully two feet below any previous recorded level. The canals leading to the many beaver houses around the lake were almost dry. Wolves, foxes, lynx and bear were alert, watching for the beaver going out and returning to their homes, and not a few fell victims to their hungry appetites.

Could the nature lover have been stationed at a point half a mile below Lake of Two Rivers on the Madawaska River, and right below a shallow pond known as Poag Lake, he would have found a Rocky shallow several rods in length. Here the river is about seventy feet wide and the banks rise abruptly from the water's edge for several feet. At this point as the shades of evening began to fall a large number of beaver were to be seen evidently in consultation, then swiming back and forth as though planning a method to raise the water in the Two Rivers, and thus save and protect their many homes. To accomplish this would require a dam fully four feet high and strong enough to hold the immense amount of water in check until the water would raise two or three feet in Lake of Two Rivers, which is about three miles in length and one mile in width, and also in the pond, Poag Lake, which is about twenty acres in extent.

One night, about the 13th of August, the beaver began to cut tag alder trees and tow them to the shallow water, which was from two to four inches on the gravel bed. These trees were placed stump-end down stream, the ends being placed firmly in the gravel, thus resisting the pressure of the water which caught the dense foliage and many branches. Then a number of alder trees were placed crosswise against the tops of those previously placed. Against these was placed mud, moss, etc., so firmly that the flow of water was stayed. Then thousands of small stones were placed in the form of a ramp against the mud, and extending up stream several feet; then more alder, mud, and stone until a firm foundation fully two feet high was completed. Then the beaver made many roads up the bank and cut maple, birch, hazel, cedar, spruce, and hemlock trees. These they drew down their roads to the water or to a steep bank where they dropped their timber into the water (with as much concern as a lumberman who dumps his logs into a stream) while other workers towed it to the dam and placed it, almost always with the end of each stick down stream, and firmly placed so as to give the greatest resistance to the pressure against the dam, also to break the fall of the water going over the dam, thus preventing its washing out even in high water in the spring.

In about a month this dam was completed, the water was raised in the lake, and their homes were saved. Then the beaver almost all returned to home and commenced cutting a winter supply of choice maple, birch, poplar, cedar, etc., piling it in an immense heap near their houses. Every evening a solitary beaver could be seen examining the dam, evidently acting the part of sentinel to guard against any break that might occur in the top works.

Now the wonderful part about the dam was the almost human intelligence used by the beaver in selecting a location for it. Then there was the remarkable work of drawing and towing of tag alder, which had to be towed a quarter of a mile. The many tons of mud and moss had to be conveyed from one to five hundred yards. Carried between fore paws and chin, the stone was lifted and carried in the same manner, but was quite plentiful at the scene of operations.

This is the only dam the writer has seen—out of the hundreds in the park—where stone is used by the beaver, and it contains many tons of stone, from small pebbles to pieces two or three pounds in weight. Just why beaver use tag alder for construction of the foundation of their dams the writer is not quite able to determine, but in plowing up the remains of an old dam, perhaps fifty years old, near Edenvale, Ont., I found tag alder wood quite sound in many instances. Perhaps this is why it is used so largely where it can be procured.

Many writers maintain that beaver almost always build their dams convex in shape of outline. The writer's experience has been that out of hundreds of dams to be seen in the park ninety per cent. are more or less concave in shape of outline, as is the dam below Two Rivers, which may be seen any day from the train on the G.T.R., shortly after leaving Rock Lake Station traveling west.

SOCIETY

THE Misses Greening gave a very pretty luncheon for some of their girl friends, in honor of Miss Pettit on Wednesday. The table was done with daffodils and the little feast was a great success. Miss Pettit is going to visit Miss Ridout in Spadina Gardens before leaving Toronto.

Miss Edith Cochrane's tea for Miss Hodgson at 15 Maple avenue is a bright affair this afternoon.

Miss Curlette gives a dance at Westbourne School next Friday evening at eight o'clock.

Monsieur Paul Balbaud lectured in the Canadian Institute yesterday afternoon on Empress Josephine.

Professor Brodie lectures this afternoon in the Physics Building on "Some Problems in Biology."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout are back from Europe and Mrs. Ridout received on Friday and will do so on next Friday, at her home in Lowther avenue.

Mrs. Walter Champ, of New York, formerly Allayne Jones, has had a present from the stork, a fine little son, over whose coming his parents are very happy. What little sister thinks is quite another matter.

The masked ball at Benvenuto will take place on the evening of February 16, to which date it was postponed. The fancy dress dance at Llawhaden will take place on February 17. The carnival ball in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, will take place on February 15. St. Andrews' College Cadet Corps dance will take place on February 19.

The Children's Aid Society give a Benefit ball in the Temple ballroom to which the following ladies have given their patronage: Mrs. Joseph Oliver, Lady Clark, Lady Mulock, Lady Falconbridge, Lady Moss, Lady Whitney, Mrs. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mrs. Dyment, Mrs. Geo. Gooderham, Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mrs. J. R. Stratton, Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. Claude Fox, Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, Mrs. Frederick Monro, Mrs. Harley Smith, Mrs. Edmund Phillips, Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Mrs. A. L. Eastmure.

There should be a large audience to greet Professor Brodie in the theatre of the Physics Building at the University Saturday afternoon at 3 p.m. The reputation of his work in London, England, is known to specialists, and as this is his first public appearance since his appointment as Professor of Physiology, the friends and graduates of the University will all be interested in hearing him. His subject, which will be illustrated with slides, is "Some Problems in Biology."

Mrs. J. G. Beard, who has been visiting her relatives, Mrs. Sam Beard and family, 502 Huron Street, since the middle of December, returned to Troy, N.Y., on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. German, of Welland, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Macdonald in Dundas Street.

Mr. and Mrs. McGuigan and their daughter Mrs. Paddock are settled in a cosy home in Crescent Road.

Mr. Beardmore, of Chudleigh, had several guests for the Gzowski-Ogilvie wedding, in whose honor he entertained at Chudleigh last evening.

At a meeting at Mrs. Machell's on Wednesday it was decided to hold a vaudeville entertainment after Easter in the Temple Building in aid of the Mission House in Fallis ave.

Mrs. George H. Locke will hold her first reception since coming to the city at her home, 29 Cecil street, on Friday of next week. Mrs. John T. Moore, Mrs. Locke's mother, will receive with her.

Sir Montagu and Lady Allan arrived at Chudleigh on Thursday morning to attend the Ogilvie-Gzowski wedding.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Owing to the very great success that has attended our efforts to meet the requirements of the public by serving on our third floor a popular "business luncheon," it has been necessary owing to the ever-increasing numbers to make arrangements for our overflow. We therefore take pleasure in announcing that commencing Monday, February 8, we will serve a special 35c. luncheon in our celebrated Table d'Hote Room, every business day from 11.30 to 2.30 p.m. Good elevator service; come along and bring your lady friends. The service will be consistent with St. Charles quality. Our orchestra, under Francis Gratton, will render a select musical programme. Reservations made by phoning the "St. Charles," of course.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION.

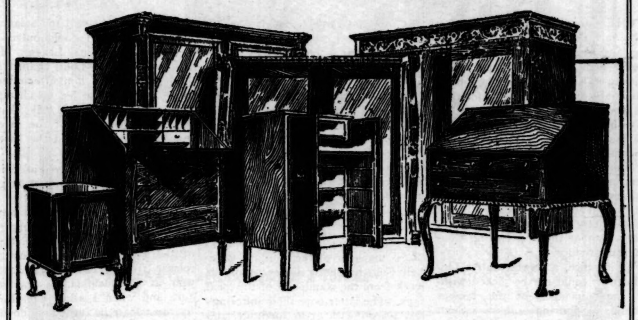
The Annual General Meeting of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation was held at noon yesterday at its Head Office, corner of Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto, a report of the proceedings of which will be found in another column of this issue.

The Annual Report of the Corporation is looked forward to from year to year with increasing interest, not alone because of its far-reaching operations and long list of beneficiaries, but from the fact that it was the first trust company organized in Canada, and its history marks the unfolding and development of the trust company idea within our borders.

A perusal of the Report will show that the new business taken over by the Corporation during the past year amounts to over $3,000,000 and brings the total assets under administration of this company up to the large sum of $35,000,000. The Profit and Loss Statement for the year indicates a very healthy condition of affairs, and at the same time gives evidence of the fact that a trust company in confining itself exclusively to the administration of estates and trusts, and the investment of its funds in mortgage securities, cannot be said from the standpoint of the shareholders to be a great money-making institution, and yet, as the Managing Director, Mr. Langmuir, points out in his address, this Corporation has always paid good dividends and has built up almost entirely out of profits a Reserve of $450,000. The Trust Corporation has, after providing for all expenses for the year, brought down a balance to the credit of Profit and Loss of $153,350.66, out of which dividends were paid to the extent of $75,000, or 7 1-2 per cent. on the capital stock; $5,933.50 written off Deposit Vaults; $50,000 carried to Reserve and the balance of $22,417.16 carried forward.

The address of the Managing Director, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, will be interesting reading to all who have estates to administer, as it gives a very concise but comprehensive review of the operations of the Trusts Corporation.

The Furniture Sale Opens the February Programme



WE HAVE three conspicuous events in mind for February. The Furniture Sale, the Hosiery Sale, and a Silverware Sale. And first in order comes the one of largest bulk and importance—The Furniture Sale.

This Sale of Household Furniture offers home-makers a clear saving of one-quarter the usual expense on nearly every kind of furniture in use. On some of it the saving is a full third. All the big furniture makers of the country contribute.

Take serious thought of your requirements. Go over your house in mental review. Many vacancies and changes have been waiting for just an opportunity like this. Do not deny them their silent appeal now that the time has come. Buy Furniture at February prices and save the discounts.

The goods offered in this sale do not comprise a collection of extreme or unpopular designs, or furniture of interior finish or construction. There are no "seconds." Everything is perfect in quality, and the designs are the most staple and standard in the trade to-day. As for prices—this brief list gives you a general idea which will be all you care to read about now. When you come to the store details will be self-evident and satisfactory.

	Regular Price	Feb. Sale.
Parlor Suite, 3 pieces	40.00	27.00
Parlor Tables, mahogany	5.50	4.00
Parlor Tables, mahogany	8.00	6.75
Parlor Tables, oak	8.75	6.75
Dining Chairs, in sets of 6, quartered oak, leather seats	19.50	14.00
Dining Chairs, in sets of 6, quartered oak, leather seats	31.00	22.75
Odd Diners, oak, leather seats	3.00	2.25
Sideboards, quartered oak	32.00	23.50
Sideboards, quartered oak	43.00	32.00
Sideboards, quartered oak	34.00	25.00

	Regular Price	Feb. Sale.
Dressers and Stands, quartered oak	48.00	36.00
Dressers and Stands, quartered oak	35.00	29.75
Dressers and Stands, quartered oak	33.50	25.00
Combination Dressing Table, oak	16.00	8.00
Brass Bedsteads	40.00	30.00
Divans, silk upholstered	16.00	10.50
Arm Rockers, upholstered in leather	18.00	13.50
Bed Lounges	34.00	24.00
Felt Mattresses, all sizes	8.00	6.00
Woven Wire Springs, extra quality	3.35	2.25

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PRICES 50c to $2.00

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PRICES: Evgs & Sat. Mat. 25c to $1 Thur. Mat. 25c, 50c, 75c.
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The Prisoner of Zenda
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John Glayde's Honor
Tuesday Night.
The Crisis
Thurs. Matinee and Sat. Night
Don Caesar's Return
Wednesday and Friday Nights.

3 NIGHTS, BEGINNING THURSDAY, FEB. 11th.
Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) Directing the Tour of
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IN HER REPERTOIRE IN ENGLISH

Thursday Eve., Ibsen's "A DOLL'S HOUSE"	Friday Eve., Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER"
Saturday Matinee "A DOLL'S HOUSE"	Saturday Eve., R. Bracco's "COMTESSE COQUETTE"

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OPINIONS OF EMINENT CRITICS:
Alan Dale: "She holds you in a vice-like grip: she is the theatrical sensation of the day."
L. P. DePoe, N. Y. World: "Alla Nazimova's 'Nora' is truly great."
Glenmore Davis, N. Y. Globe: "There is not another woman in America who is her equal."
N. Y. Herald: "An actress of the first rank."

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily, 25	Week of Feb. 8	Evenings 25 and 50

The Happy Tramp.
NAT. WILLS
The King of Hobos.
THE NICHOLS SISTERS
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The Most Artistic of the Season's Offerings.

She—What do you want? He—A pennorth o' pudden. She—Plain or plum? He—Plain. She—Hot or cold? He—Hot. She—Have it 'ere, or tike it wiv yer? He—'Ere. She—Fork or fingers? He (wearily)—O blow yer pudden! Gimme 'am!—The Bystander.

THE Canadian curlers in Scotland are demonstrating that though the land o' cakes is the home of the roarin' game, it is played more scientifically in Canada. For though the Canadians are winning a majority of the games played and by scores that leave no doubt as to their superiority, the tourist team would by no means be considered a crack one in Ontario or Manitoba. Its players are gathered from all over the Dominion, from Halifax to Dawson City, but they are, on the whole, representative of the districts from which they come rather than of the best curling Canada can produce.

For instance, a representative Ontario team could not be picked without some member of the famous Rennie rink figuring in it, or without a Flavelle or a Little, of Lindsay, holding a broom for some one of its rinks. Neither would a Manitoba team look to be well chosen if such men as Bob Dunbar, Braden, Rochon, and Russell were overlooked. Yet none of these men figure on the team that is beating the Scotchmen at their own game right in their own country.

* * *

ANOTHER handicap the Canadian team carries is that the ten Quebec members have been accustomed to curling with irons. In Scotland they must necessarily use granites. The difference is so great that games between Toronto, where granites are used, and Montreal, where the irons hold sway, have not been played in years. These men must feel the disadvantage they labor or rather play under.

Of course the games so far have been played on artificial ice, and it is just as strange to the Scots as it is to the Canucks. It is said to be what curlers call "greasy"—that is just a little soft, and giving the stone a wide "draw." In that way it would favor the Canadians; for the Scots have been accustomed playing on outside ice on which the stones run nearly straight, while the Canadians have done their playing on the carefully prepared rink ice on which the stone makes a much wider sweep in answer to the turn.

* * *

THOUGH the iceboat still controls navigation on the Great Lakes, the Canada's Cup races for the season of 1909 appear to already have been sailed The Royal Canadian Yacht Club discovered the "angel" who was willing to spend a few thousands to build a challenger for the trophy. But when the Rochester Club insisted on bringing the Seneca back from New York to once more act as defender, they demurred. They insisted that the Canada's Cup was meant to encourage fresh water sailing, and that the Seneca was now a salt-water boat even if she was owned by a New York member of the Rochester Yacht Club.

Rochester men rather insinuated that the main trouble with the Seneca was that she was too speedy, and the breeze that resulted would suffice to sail several races. But it has all settled down, and an international turce, or rather an armed neutrality, will hold sway over the yachting interest on Lake Ontario during the coming season. And some people—who are not sailsmen—say it is better thus.

* * *

MARATHON races seem to be wearing a trifle threadbare down around New York, and it is evident that one P. Powers hurried on the Shrubb-Longboat event ere the receding wave of popularity worked havoc with the gate receipts. From the conflicting reports from the metropolis enough can be gathered to justify a belief that Shrubb was pretty nearly a nervous wreck when his sore toe came to his rescue and postponed the race, and that Longboat has been polished up to make a presentable appearance at the start no matter where he finishes.

In short, the race has been translated from the realm of sport into the field of business. It is no longer a question of which is the better man, but of how much gate money can be drawn for the promoters and competitors. Consequently, neither the race nor its result is anything to get excited over.

* * *

THE signing of Joe Kelley as manager of the Toronto Baseball Club has been the event of the week from the standpoint of the local fans. The latter bore their sufferings last season with great fortitude, and are deserving of better things in 1909. And there is promise of these things. Not only is Kelley back with the bat that started many a batting streak in 1907, but President McCaffery has scoured the country for new talent, and has provided practically a new team. It ought to be better than last year's, for it has cost real money—and that is something that the old outfit will hardly bring.

* * *

PRESIDENT THOMPSON of the National Lacrosse Union promises that before the season opens an amendment will be tacked on to the rules, making it illegal for a player to inflict bodily injury on the referee. Until last season the omission of such a rule was never noticed, but the Ottawa attempt to make lacrosse players out of hockey material resulted in a row which showed that the referee must either get protection from the rules or wear armor. And as N.L.U. lacrosse is now largely a business, it is but natural that the men behind the game should choose the most inexpensive way out of the difficulty and change the rules rather than provide the armor.

* * *

THE Rev. Billy Sunday, who gave up the diamond years ago to become an evangelist, grew reminiscent in Spokane the other day and told what a clean game professional baseball is. "I wouldn't take $1,000,000 for my professional baseball experience," he said. "I am proud I made good and that I was one of the best of them in my day. Baseball is the one sport in the States on which the gamblers have not been able to get their crooked claws.

"There isn't the same disgrace attached to a professional baseball player that attends other professional athletes. The gamblers tried for thirty years to get control, but the men behind the game stood firm and true. Baseball had stood the test. It is a pure, clean, wholesome game, and there is no disgrace to any man to-day for playing professional baseball.

"I was converted in 1886 and lived a Christian life for five years in the training quarters, in the field and on the bench with professional baseball players, and I want to say that a man can be a Christian and a decent, self-respecting citizen there if he wants to be. He don't have to be a rounder, and you bet the club owners, the fans generally and the players themselves will respect a man all the more for living a clean, honest life.

"I don't have the opportunity to see many ball games nowadays, as I am a busy man six days in the week the year around almost, and in the afternoons as well as the evenings. When I do have the opportunity to see a game I take it. I read the sporting pages every morning and follow the fortunes of the teams.

"My first professional contract called for $60 a month. That was a windfall to me in those days too. When I quit baseball my salary was $500 a month. I could outrun any man in the National League. I ran a foot race in St. Louis against Arlie Latham and beat him fifteen feet in 100 yards for the league championship. More than $1,000 changed hands on the result of the race. I was once timed around the bases in fourteen seconds flat.

"For five years I played at Chicago and was then sold to Pittsburg. I don't know what my sale price was, but I do know I didn't get any of the money. I was in Pittsburg three years, and the fall of 1890 Col. Rogers of the Philadelphia club bought my release from Pittsburg. I was one year at Philadelphia. I wanted to quit, and when I asked Col. Rogers for my release he turned me down.

"My release came on the 17th day of March. That day at noon I was leading a class in a men's noonday meeting in the Chicago Y.M.C.A. when Jim Hart, president of the Chicago club, walked in and after the meeting laid down a contract on that old pulpit. It called for seven months' salary at $500 a month, with one month's salary in advance.

"Thirty-five hundred dollars, and me almost broke, with a wife and baby to support! It was a horrible temptation, especially since I loved to play baseball. The next morning I sent Mr. Hart my refusal of his terms. I accepted a position for the year with the Y.M.C.A. at $83 a month."

Bachelor Days.

AH, our bachelor days,
And our bachelor ways,
What a charm they possessed for us then!
When we thought every girl
Was a peach or a pearl,
And we trusted the friendships of men.

When we lighted our pipe,
And we dreamed half the night,
And we longed—with the longing of men—
For the ships sent to sea
That for you and for me,
Have never been sighted since then.

From the smoke of my pipe,
Comes a face in the night,
And it brings back the parting of ways;
And my heart is aflame,
For I love her the same
As I did in my bachelor days.

—Adele M. Whitgreave in The Smart Set.

Scottish Wit.

A NEW edition of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsey, dean of the diocese of Edinburgh, has been issued by a firm of Chicago publishers. The book was first published in 1872 just before the author died. It is a rich mine of Scottish anecdotal matter. Here are some stories from the volume, which ought to be appreciated by Scotch folk in Canada, and by others too:

A Scotsman had come to London on his way to India, and for a few days had time to amuse himself by sight-seeing before his departure. He had been much struck with the appearance of the mounted sentinels at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, and bore them in remembrance during his Eastern sojourn. On his return, after a period of thirty years, on passing the Horse Guards he looked up to one and seeing him, as he thought, unchanged as to horse, position, and accoutrements, he exclaimed:

"Od, freend, ye hae had a lang spell on't sin' I left."

* * *

This plea for the old Scotch songs—to be found in Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character"—includes a scrap of musical history:

It must, I think, be admitted that singing of Scottish songs in the perfection of their style—at once pathetic, graceful, and characteristic—is not so often met with as to remove all apprehension that ere long they may become matters only of reminiscence. Many accomplished musicians often neglect entirely the cultivation of their native melodies, under the idea of their being inconsistent with the elegance and science of high-class music. They commit a mistake. When judiciously and tastefully performed, it is a charming style of music, and will always give pleasure to the intelligent hearer. I have heard two young friends, who have attained great skill in scientific and elaborate compositions, execute the simple song of "Low Down in the Broom" with an effect I shall not easily forget. Who that has heard the Countess of Essex, when Miss Stephens, sang "Auld Robin Gray," can ever lose the impression of her heart-touching notes? In the case of "Auld Robin Gray," the song composed by Lady Anne Lindsay, although very beautiful in itself, has been, I think, a good deal indebted to the air for its great and continued popularity. The history of that tender and appropriate melody is somewhat curious, and not generally known. The author was not a Scotchman. It was composed by the Rev. Mr. Leves, rector of Wrington in Somersetshire, either early in this century or just at the close of the last. Mr. Leves was fond of music, and composed several songs, but none ever gained any notice except his "Auld Robin Gray," the popularity of which has been marvellous. I knew the family when I lived in Somersetshire, and had met them in Bath. Mr. Leves composed the air for his daughter, Miss Bessy Leves, who was a pretty girl and a pretty singer.

* * *

A Scottish piper was passing through a deep forest. In the evening he sat down to take his supper. He had hardly begun when a number of hungry wolves, prowling about for food, collected round him. In self-defense the poor man began to throw pieces of his victuals to them, which they greedily devoured. When he had disposed of all, in a fit of despair he took his pipes and began to play. The unusual sound terrified the wolves, which one and all took to their heels and scampered off in every direction, on observing which Sandy quietly remarked:

"Od, an' I'd kenned ye liked the pipes sae weel, I'd gien ye a spring afore supper."

A naval seaman has once every day to salute the quarter-deck of his ship, even if no officer is upon it. "Salada" Tea is in such popular favor that many people feel like saluting a packet wherever seen.

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE.

First Suburbanite.—"Don't you hate the big snows?"

Second Suburbanite.—"Not at all, when a fellow gets home late these deep paths are a fine guide to the front door."—Judge.

MOGUL
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

While climate and soil play an important part in the cultivation of tobacco for MOGUL Cigarettes, the way the tobacco is cured is quite as important.

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It is this curing process that brings out the delightful aroma so noticeable in MOGUL Cigarettes.

The tobacco, being grown in the finest tobacco-growing district in Turkey and properly cured, is then shipped to Egypt, where it is blended.

MOGUL Cigarettes with cork tips, in packages of 10, cost 15c.

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"GOLD LABEL"
SCOTCH WHISKY

A Brand, the great reputation of which was built, and is sustained by the very highest quality and absolute purity.

FOR SALE BY
Leading Wine Merchants

The Real Poet

By Clayton B. Duff

ONCE upon a time there was a poet—no, an emperor; royalty must have precedence, you know. Now this emperor, you must suppose, lived in a country where bridge whist was unknown, for he was constantly running out of amusements. The court chamberlain had often to lie awake a whole night and part of the next trying to think of a new plaything for his majesty; and when a motor boat had followed a pianola to a dusty corner of the museum, he almost gave up in despair. But you mustn't imagine the emperor, just because he kept a chamberlain about at the expense of the country, was going to leave him all the problems to solve. No, indeed. He was a man of resource. So not even the empress was surprised when, one afternoon, it was noised about that her consort was bursting with an idea. He believed, he hastened to inform the household, that a poet would be just the thing to brighten up the royal circle. "But then," he added, glancing ruefully at a copy of the Home Monthly in the hammock, "but then, he must be a real poet."

The chamberlain lost no time in placing an advertisement in the People's Column of The Gazette:

"Wanted: Gentleman for position of court poet. Must be inspired. References. Personal applications only. Park entrance 8 a.m. to 6 p.m."

"For, dear me," he remarked to the business manager as he passed over the 76 cents, "even poets read the want ads. in your paper."

It appeared so. Before long the steps at the park entrance were quite worn with the measured tread of ambitious songsters, and the emperor had to set apart Tuesdays and Fridays to get a chance to worry about his recreations at all. But though they came from the Seven Seas and the Thousand Heaven-Kissing Hills, it was not at all easy to find amongst them the real poet. In fact the weighty intellects who honored the emperor with their advice were quite certain he wasn't there. Though it wrung their hearts, that, they found, was the inevitable conclusion. So one by one the blasted hopes drifted out through the park entrance, the court chamberlain wore an air of gloom, and political managers began to count on a disaffected element in manipulating the next elections.

One day when the stream of would-be laureates seemed to have run dry, and the emperor was trying to console himself with the thought that perhaps a gramaphone would do after all, a knock was heard on the palace door. The first gentleman door-opener-in-ordinary leisurely perused the On Dit items in the current Gazette to the end of the column before presenting his ruffles and silk hose before the new-comer. What was his astonishment (though it was artfully concealed) to find the latter guiltless of ink stains or negligee attire! The stranger, nevertheless, declared himself a real poet, and although he was made to feel how empty were his claims to distinction beside those of the first gentleman door-opener-in-ordinary, yet he contrived to reach the Presence in composure. The emperor was surrounded by price-lists and looked up from an inviting description of a new tapering arm machine with de luxe records to voice a greeting in a discouraging sort of way. But he languidly summoned his literary advisor, and when the news spread that another examination was about to begin, groups of spectators gathered about the throne.

The latest poet was afterwards known as a modest man, but he faced that august company with an assurance to which they were little accustomed. The unbending front of the advisory council he received without marks of awe; and, to their surprise, when, after the recital of his attainments, they asked in dubious tones for satisfactory proofs, he was unabashed. Bending before the throne he placed in the hands of his sovereign a sheaf of documents and calmly awaited the royal pleasure.

Listlessly, however, the emperor unfolded and listlessly, while councillors yawned, and hangerson at the edge of the crowd moved towards the door, allowed his gaze to amble down the blue-lettered page. But suddenly bending over it with the most eager interest, he murmured, "From an editor!" Then looking up with blackening brows while a hush fell upon the room, exclaimed, "Why did no one think of this before?" The advisory council trembled. "It's preposterous!" he added wrathfully as he passed the sheet to the court chamberlain to be read aloud.

"My dear sir:—" the contents ran, "We are much obliged to you for the pleasure of reading this manuscript." The chamberlain brightened at these words. "We are much obliged to you for the pleasure of reading this manuscript, but return it to you because it seems unsuitable for us to use. So much material is submitted for our consideration that it is quite impossible for us to offer special criticism in every instance; but it is only just to the author to say that the rejection of this manuscript is in no wise a reflection upon its merits, but merely an expression of opinion regarding its usefulness to us. Yours very truly——"

The poet was smiling as the sentence came to an end. The advisory council turned a dull red and the chamberlain looked more hopeful than he had for days.

"Another editor," commented the emperor as he held out a second paper. The spectators had pressed forward in a tightly packed mass about the central figures and breathlessly followed each word as it fell from the lips of the reader.

"Dear sir: We regret that the manuscript we are returning to you herewith, is not available for use in our magazine. Thanking you for your courtesy in sending it to us, I am, yours truly, ——"

Oh, yes, the poet was a modest man, but at that moment he could not forbear a glance of exultation about the room. Several courtiers offered him chairs. The advisory council had grown deathly pale.

A burst of applause died away as the chamberlain rose to begin the third letter. He strove to steady his voice.

"Sir:—" he read, "We return this manuscript at your request as we have no use for it. Yours, ——"

Then everybody knew this was the real poet. Cheer after cheer echoed through the lofty spaces of the throne room and echoing in the streets below brought the populace running to the palace gates. The emperor flung aside the remaining documents and seized his new-found treasure by the hand. The advisory council murmured their delight at having their first impressions so confirmed and quietly departed at the rear. The Gazette crowded up to get some biographical particulars for the morning issue. The first gentleman door-opener-in-ordinary hastily adjusted his demeanor to meet the changed conditions, wisely concluding that his loyalty to the crown would not be compromised since there was now a royal precedent for such a course. The court chamberlain, beaming with smiles, set about preparations for a brilliant celebration of the occasion.

The night was made memorable with high revelry in the imperial halls. There was banqueting and minstrelsy and the patter of flying feet. The laureate recited his latest spring poem and was crowned with laurel. Then the chamberlain hurried off to bed full of rosy anticipations of the first sound rest in a fortnight.

Of course the real poet dedicated his first volume to the editors.

The Gentler View.

IT is often asked with a flourish of the voice and a wag of the head which are supposed to stagger one, "What are the necessities of life?" Every one, after drawing deep breaths and downing a natural nervousness that will rise, begins to find an answer. Some say that to be happy—an attempted happiness is the popular interpretation of life among the strangely light-hearted of the populace—one must have work, love, and parenthood. Others choose as necessities health, social intercourse, and hope, and one woman says that all any one needs is bounce. Perhaps, after all, it is. Bounce appeals to one as a thing amazingly useful in time of need. And if people were well supplied with bounce their friends would not worry for their future, but could send them on their bounding way with a confident heart. The virtues of bounce grow on one. It is the greatest of pities we haven't all got it.

When the few people with already formed ideas on the subject of what is necessary have spoken there are millions of abashed ones left who agree ardently with each of the speakers, yet who have not any of the necessities named and still manage a fair amount of happiness. They are quite upset, for nothing so jars your self-respect as to agree with everybody; an open mind always feels to the owner so peculiarly like unoccupied space. They wonder uncomfortably what they base their claims to contentment on. They do not mean to cheat, they are sorry to be pleased with any but the best, yet they are not parents, they do not work, and they do not love any one in particular. That is, not at present. Running quickly over the list of things they enjoy—they are in reality in panicky pursuit of that safeguard known as a conviction—they come to yawning, surprised to find it among the first of their likes. Yawning? Yawning? A most curious preference, and yet on second thought it comes to them that yawning is as agreeable a sensation as anything that at the moment occurs to them. Not that they for a moment wish to pit yawning against parenthood. Still the thing has given them pleasing moments, it is one of the experiences that make them beam so amiably on the world and it should undoubtedly receive full recognition. They are a little ashamed of it, but flaunt it, nevertheless.

Then there are breakfast and the dripping of rain from the eaves. Devoid of bounce, with the other necessities lacking, one still smiles at breakfast, particularly if there is toast and if one is a little late, while the drip of rain outside causes one to give one's self over to a moment's complete, sheltered, warm, dry delight. A person robbed of work, health, parenthood, etc., and at once plunged in despair deserves the highest praise. He seems a remarkable character, possessing the highest ideals, fanatical in his loyalty to limitations. We wonder disconsolately if we can ever be like him. Tramps ought to dissolve from excess of unhappiness, but none of them have done so yet, and though from their whining tales of misery they would perhaps be open to reason and might be convinced that they were not happy, still we suspect them of concealing from us certain enjoyments to which they are devoted. They cannot deny that they have going to sleep and waking up, two entrancing occupations. (Waking up, particularly. It is such a joke on one.) And it is just possible that they consider the coursing of their blood through their veins a sufficient excuse for going on. Well, it is not a completely boresome experience. Few of the functions of nature are. Think of the pleasure that great minds have derived from eating; in fact, it takes a fairly brainy person to appreciate food; and then there was the man who said he felt the keenest pride while digesting, it was so clever of his organs to know how to do it. He never got over congratulating himself on their actually being able to manage the thing. It is all very well to be proud of one's children, but why not be proud of one's joints too; they are just as remarkable.

Coming into a warm room after a walk in the cold and sitting with the quietness of a log while some one rattles the tea-cups—at such moments one has a knowledge of something beyond mere work, one catches a glimpse of ecstatic insensibility, and all the other necessities seem mere irritants as one views them from the depths of one's blissful lethargy. These are, one makes no attempt to deny, frankly material pleasures, but, after, all, the material is one's body and so one is by way of giving a miracle its due of attention. Laughing was left out of the list, with a carelessness which one hopes indicates no real decadence in the moral declarers of necessities, but one cannot be sure, for laughing is almost the only necessary thing. Not a mere sense of humor only, that doubtful endowment which so nearly developed into a religious cult some two years ago and brought most dangerous consequences in its train, but a hearty guffaw that shocks the hopeful, healthy, socially inclined ear of working parents, a peal that threatens to choke you, and that proves how neatly the point of the joke has caught you in the ribs. Yet these people who drew up the things without which one could not be happy omitted this. As though the precious things they included would have been worth a blind man's glance without it.

Going on is necessary to us, if one must dig to the bottom of the bag—only let us not forget that by forever plunging in our arm to the very depths we force out the lightest things which were meant to remain on top, and give the entire contents an excessively mussed appearance—the delightful process of living along is one of the few things we feel to be imperative, and never have we found anything to match it for absorbing detail. Big things one so quickly becomes accustomed to that when they are taken away they are like the stars and one does not realize for a long time that they have gone; but little things, how they excite and thrill one. The inexplicable joy of being alone, and the unbounded charm of not being alone. Two such possibilities should suffice to fill the life of any one, and as for proving you were right in the face of figures to the contrary, and kicking leaves that rustle, pretending to be bigger than you are, making impossible plans, dreaming, watching the tangles of one's friends, inhaling fresh air, seeing places, digging in a garden, being impudent, winking a variable eye, rubbing smooth surfaces, getting muddy, staring, being stared at, rising to heights that are not one's own, swaggering, reforming—these are the senseless necessities, and may we fail to do without them for eons to come.

We work because we must, we do all our duties because public opinion yanks us by the scruff of the neck and hangs us up on the hooks where we belong. When we obey the laws of nature it isn't because they are necessary to us, it is because we are necessary to them, and they have their way with us. We go through our steps, marry, have children, work, hope, keep what health we can, seek the society of our fellows, exhibit bounce if we are lucky, but these are not the things that lead us on, that convulse us, that catch our eye and delight us, without which we are limp bored rags. We are fish (the hook metaphor will kindly be forgotten at this point) going with the current. The kind of fish we are and the sea we are going to are subjects too large and uncertain for us to bother with, but the bubbles that flash in the sunlight, the way the water slips over us, the worms the nervous fisherman drops by mistake, the waving grass, the bugs on the surface, the naturalists murmuring on the bank, and the dark caves we flash unexpectedly into, these are the things that are necessary to us. It is over these we wave our tails, and it is the blessed, varied, pointless details that make the stream so uncommonly fascinating to us.—Florida Pier, in Harper's Weekly.

To Get Really Nice
COCOA—Specify FRY'S
By its Exceptional Strength and
Purity it Excells all others.
D. Masson & Co., Agents, Montreal & Toronto

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been
Appointed Purveyor
of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY
KING EDWARD VII.

Altruism.

WHEN cream is ninety cents a quart,
And new-laid eggs are soaring,
And butter—of the milder sort—
Necessitates ignoring,
We say, askance, "Just think of that!"
And eat our bread with bacon fat.

But when our neighbors come to dine
We don't consider prices,
But give them courses eight or nine,
From oysters up to ices.
You'd never dream the purse was limp
Or how we have to save and skimp.

For then we buy us cream galore
And mushrooms out of season
And fatted birds—though prices soar
Beyond all rhyme or reason;
Champagne and festive fizz abound,
And hired waiters gallop 'round.

'Tis thus that we exemplify
The love we bear our brother,
And cheerfully ourselves deny
That we may feed each other,
Obeying both the Golden Rule,
And modern altruistic school.

—Helen A. Saxon in The Smart Set.

A correspondent writes to The Newark News to ask the editor how he pronounces "chauffeur." This is the reply given:

We usually pronounce "chauffeur" the way the other fellow pronounces it. If he says "chaw-fer," we say "chaw-fer," too. It is the only safe thing to do in an age when everybody is suspected of trying to appear refined. Among the most common pronunciations of the word are the following: Sho-fur, shuf-fer, sho-fure, shov-er, shaw-fer, chaf-fer, chaw-fer, chow-fer, shif-fer, sho-fur, sho-foor, sho-feer.

THE BUSY MAN

Appreciates the service of the C.P.R.-N.Y.C. lines between Toronto and New York. Fastest time is made by trains leaving here at 5.20 p.m. daily, and 7.15 p.m. except Sunday, arriving at the Grand Central Depot, New York, at 7.50 a.m. and 9.03 a.m., respectively. Through Pullmans on both trains.

The other day at school small Lola was called upon to explain the difference between climate and weather.

"Climate," answered the little miss, "is what we have with us all the time, but weather only lasts a few days."—Exchange.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ANNUAL MEETING

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1908

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto, on Thursday, Jan. 28th, 1909, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1908, was presented.

Cash Income

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was $1,897,078.28, showing the satisfactory increase of $81,980.59.

Reduction in Expense Ratio.

The business has been conducted on a conservative basis, as is shown by a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income, thereby placing the North American Life in the front rank of economically managed Canadian companies.

Payments to Policy-holders.

The amount paid on policy-holders' account was $654,991.05, and of this sum $368,831.76 represents payments for Dividends, Matured Endowments and Investment Policies.

Assets.

The assets increased during the year by the sum of $854,762.01, and now amount to $9,590,638.09. The assets continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities available; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.

Net Surplus.

After making ample provision for all liabilities and paying the sum of $154,771.26 for dividends to policy-holders, the net surplus was increased to $876,214.15.

Insurance.

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of $4,465,224.00, making the total insurance in force $40,341,091.00.

Audit.

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. A committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director. J. L. BLAIKIE, President.

The Annual Report, containing a detailed list of the securities, will be sent in due course to each policy-holder.

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

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BERLIN, ONT. CAN.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

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Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 6, 1909, No. 17

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Mr. Bristol was Absent-Minded.

HERE'S a real true one about Edmund Bristol, M.P. During the days of the strenuous campaign between Mr. Bristol and Mr. T. C. Robinette for election as member of the House for Centre Toronto, he was an exceedingly busy man. Afterwards, when he was preparing to go to Ottawa, and was mixing in other multitudinous duties, his intimate friends say he used to do some absent-minded things.

One day he pulled his watch out of his pocket to see how much time remained to allow him to keep an engagement, and found the hands standing still, set an hour slow.

"Here," said Mr. B., to his office-boy, "I don't know what has got into that watch; it's been behaving badly for days. Run around to Ryrie's with it, and tell them to fix it up as soon as possible."

After twenty minutes the boy returned. With entire lack of expression on his face, he said, as he handed watch and chain back to Mr. Bristol:

"The man at Ryrie's says to wind it."

A Story from the West.

THEY do things in a breezy and original way in the West, according to a Toronto reporter who recently went to British Columbia to accept an editorial position on a live daily newspaper. The first week of his incumbency the newspaperman, who is a graduate of Toronto University, and spells his words with a "U," wrote back that the town abounded with colloquialisms of speech which he would do his best to eradicate. But he soon learned to appreciate rough-and-ready methods. The other day he wrote to a friend as follows:

"We have things pretty nearly our own way out here. One of our reporters yesterday was anxious to convict a man for the first edition. He did so, but I found out that the case had been adjourned till today. Horror of horrors! I found that the paper had already gone to press. I naturally expected some objections from the court and the accused. But our man told the magistrate of the predicament. The latter said he would make it all right by imposing a fine the next day. He had intended to let him off with a warning, he said. So the accused had to pay to oblige us. If things were so arranged in Toronto the reporter would lead a less anxious life."

A Story Mr. Hammond Used to Tell.

THE late H. C. Hammond during his lifetime used to delight in the following droll tale at his own expense. As is well known, he was one of the physicians generally called in when a financial institution was in *extremis*, because of his shrewd and honest business sense and the confidence and esteem in which the general public held him. For that reason he was appointed president of the boards of both the Federal Bank and the Ontario Bank when these institutions were forced to go into liquidation, and he took a hand in straightening out the affairs of many another institution.

It will be remembered that on the evening that the Ontario Bank went to the wall there was every reason to fear a run on the many branches of that institution when the doors opened next morning. In the panicky condition of financial affairs at that time there was no knowing where such a craze would end. Therefore, the other banks came to the rescue and it was arranged that the branches should be taken over by the Bank of Montreal immediately. This sudden transfer of interests within less than fourteen hours, together with the provision of the necessary funds to meet heavy withdrawals, entailed an immense amount of labor on the part of all the leading financiers of the city. Mr. Hammond was one of those who were up almost all night and down town again early in the morning to see that matters went well and that a panic was averted.

It so happened that an investment company, in the management of which Mr. Hammond played a prominent part, held a mortgage on the property of an old negro woman who held considerable real estate in the central part of the city. The old woman read the morning papers, and called her daughter. From her hoard she took out a considerable roll of bills and extracted a number bearing the name of the Ontario Bank.

"Mandy, you take these down and pay an instalment on that mortgage," she commanded. "That bank's busted, and we got to get rid of these here bills just as fast as we can."

The girl took the money down town, and as the instalment was not yet due the matter was laid before Mr. Hammond. As soon as he saw the signature of the bills the latter discerned the reason of this undue haste in meeting payments in advance.

"Why, didn't you know that the Ontario Bank had failed?" he queried, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yessir, but Ma she say, 'P'raps Mr. Hammond, he ain't found it out yet.'"

Surprised into Appreciation of Lhevinne.

THERE was at least one spectator at the recital of the wonderful Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne, in Massey Hall a few nights ago, who came to scoff and remained, if not exactly to pray, at least to experience surprise. He had evidently been forced to come by a musical wife, and, to make the best of a bad matter, he brought a popular magazine with him. So soon as the great artist made his appearance he opened the volume and commenced to peruse a story. All through the early part of the programme his absorbtion in literature continued. The profundity of Bach, the intricacy of Scarlatti, the tenderness of Moart, the brilliance of Weber — all these failed to make him lift his eyes from the pages even for a second. No doubt if the eyes of the pianist chanced to fall upon him he supposed him to be a devotee intently following a score.

A FEAT! A FEAT!

Not even the Schumann "Carneval" with its exquisite grace and infinite variety wooed from him a passing glance or a signal of apprehension. It will be remembered that as an encore to this number Lhevinne gave Scriabine's remarkable Nocturne for the left hand. Some tone struck a chord in his system and he looked up. When he saw that all the massive tones were being produced with one hand his mouth and eyes opened wide and his magazine fell to the floor. He gazed intently on the marvel until the composition was finished, and for the balance of the evening sat apparently drinking in the music and perhaps hoping to see the feat repeated.

The Argonaut's Pianola.

THE winter quarters of the Argonaut Rowing Club are not exactly a dream of luxury. The boys in whose keeping the aquatic credit of Canada has safely reposed for so long, seek little but hard work in summer, and more hard work, with a little cosy comfort, in the frozen season. Plain living and good rowing is the unwritten motto of the club. The sporting side dominates the year round, and at the rooms just now in use a wrestling mat, a shower bath and some rowing machines supply the places of the armchairs, billiards, and card tables which are the usual attractions at social clubs. But the Argonauts possess a pianola, and thereby hangs a tale.

This instrument migrates with the rowing machines from the bay side to the King street rooms and back again, and had stood the racket all right until the other day when two of the boys of mechanical turn undertook to have a look at the insides. The music box was carefully taken apart and the pieces placed in order on the floor. After inspection and study of the works the machine was put together again with equal precision. It went together all right and looked all right. But there were four screws over, and it didn't occur to the experimenters that the proof of the piano is in the playing. They considered there must be something wrong or these four screws would be in their places, so the instrument had to come apart again in a search for more screw holes. After working an hour at it the unusual merriment among a group of onlookers excited the suspicion of the investigators, and ultimately it was discovered that the surplus screws were not part of the pianola, but had been mixed in with the litter by a famous athlete and no less noted joker of the club.

Newsboy Staked his Customers.

ANY day on the down-town streets, during the off hours between the sale of the morning papers and the issuing of the afternoon editions, one may see knots of boys, some little more than babes in years, gathered in doorways or lanes. Approach them and you will see that they are newsboys shooting craps for coppers or nickels. They pay little attention to casual passersby, but scatter at sight of a policeman. Some of them are inveterate gamblers, and not only wager their slender capital but also mortgage the future. A business man tells a little story to illustrate this tendency.

He had been in the custom of buying a paper about the same hour every night from a particular boy who always occupied the same corner. One evening he tendered a cent as usual, but the lad made no move to hand over a paper. Instead another boy rushed up and flourished the sporting edition that the customer wanted. The latter, however, waited expectantly for his regular boy and then asked:

"What's the matter? Where's my paper?"

"Well, you see," replied the urchin, shamefacedly, "me and him was shooting craps last night, and I lost all my money, and you was a regular customer, an'—he won you."

Frank Nelson's Stories.

AT a social gathering of newspapermen, Mr. Francis Nelson, the sporting editor of The Globe, told three excellent stories picked up on his tour with the Canadian Olympic lacrosse team.

One of the trains on which the team travelled in Ireland was exasperatingly slow. At the twelfth stop—which happened to be at a village station—the famous Joe Lally, of Cornwall, stuck his head out of the carriage window and asked of a railway guard:

"Say, old buck. When do we get to Sligo?"

On the instant came the answer: "Immejetly after th' en-gine, sorr."

Lally asked no more questions during the remainder of the journey.

In Dublin the Canadian visitors were driven around the city in jaunting cars. One of the drivers, pointing to a famous brewery, asked his "fares" if they wanted to go inside. It was worth visiting, he said. They declined his suggestion.

"Well," he said, regretfully, "O'm sorry. Oi tuk a par'r'ty there yisterday, an' th' manager av' th' brewery axed me in, too."

Then he paused.

"Well, what happened?" asked one of the Canadians.

The driver smiled. "Oi dhrunk sivin pints av porter," he replied, "an' Oi cud a' had me fill av ut if Oi had been wanting to."

Mr. Nelson's final story was this: Willie, who lived with his mother, in London, stuttered badly, being almost incoherent when excited. His mother was trying her own method of curing him. She sent him down the cellar one day to bring up some potatoes. He returned quickly, and greatly agitated.

"O-O-O-I" he began.

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you know wot I've allus told you. Don't try to speak when hexited. Sit down and sing it."

Willie sat down.

"O-O-O—m-m-m," he began again.

"Stop!" cried his mother, sharply.

Willie closed his mouth.

"Now," she went on, "sit you still till you are carm, Willie."

The boy waved his hands, shuffled his feet and tried once more to talk.

"Don't hopen your lips again till you can sing it, or I'll thresh you," his mother commanded.

An interval of silence.

Finally Willie, with his hands tightly clenched and his feet drawn up, burst forth into song.

"O, mother," he warbled, "the house—the house—is on fire—fire."

Advice to a Junior.

THIS story is about lawyers. A good many years ago when Chief Justice Howell, of the Superior Court of Manitoba was practising law in Winnipeg he had a junior partner who at times doubted whether he had taken the right course in life. One day he said to Mr. Howell:

"Sometimes I believe I have no business in being a lawyer."

"Why not?"

"Because I worry too much over my cases."

"Look here, my boy, I never knew a barrister who was worth his salt who did not worry over his cases."

That junior is now Mr. Justice Mathers, of Manitoba.

Wouldn't Let Him Off at Brampton.

A CERTAIN Toronto newspaperman boarded a Grand Trunk train last week to take him to Weston, where he was going on some business that isn't anyone else's business but his own. He was surprised to find on the train two other reporters, en route to get the details of an out-of-town railway fatality.

"How far are you going?" he was asked.

"O, just to Weston," was the answer.

"Tickets!" called the conductor.

When the man in question presented his Weston slip, the conductor fingered his punch and remarked:

"This train don't stop at Weston."

"Doesn't stop at Weston! Will I have to go farther? Where can I get off? I guess I'll have to slip off at some way-station," said the newspaperman.

"Don't know how you'll do that; sorry, but there's an official car behind, and I daren't stop to let you off. We're running right through to Brampton."

The other two reporters hugged themselves. Occasionally, for the edification of others in the car, one would lean over and say:

"Where was it you were going? To Weston? And where are you going now? To Brampton?"

The final result was that the victim got off at Brampton, after paying full fare to that place, and came back on a freight train.

CLAIMING that The New York World libelled the Government of the United States in publishing a story to the effect that there was a huge rake-off for several persons in the transaction whereby the Panama Canal was secured from France, President Roosevelt has set about launching a libel suit on behalf of the Government against the newspaper complained of. It raises quite a question. It is argued that for a century past the Government could not be libelled. Individuals connected with the administration could institute actions, civil or criminal—but the nation could not. Even should some kink in the law make it possible, it is argued by The New York Post and other sane journals that it would be most unwise to begin prosecutions of this kind. They would cause the cry to be raised that the freedom of the press was being curtailed; that the public treasury was being used to finance actions designed to suppress criticism of the administration of the day; that journals published in various parts of the Republic would be dragged to the little District of Columbia, under the shadow of the White House, to stand trial. It would be much better, one thinks, to leave it to individuals to institute libel actions.

HERR RUDOLPH RUTH.

Formerly a Toronto musician, who has made a fortune in Germany by an invention in color photography.

The centenary of the Battle of Corunna took place on January 16, and in England fitting honors were paid to the soldier who, after one of the most brilliant short campaigns in military history, fell in the hour of victory, and died while his troops were being embarked. Says the London Telegraph:

Sir John Moore's fame has been secured by Napier, Maurice, and other historians, but the fact that his name is known so widely throughout the British Empire is not due so much to them as to the obscure author of the ode which celebrates in splendid verse the glorious and tragic surroundings of Moore's funeral. There are two poems which every British schoolboy—whose acquaintanceship with poetry is rarely wholly voluntary—can scarcely escape knowing. One is Gray's "Elegy," the other is "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and it is the latter which sticks longest in their memory. But the author goes unknown, unhonored, and unsung. Hardly anyone, if asked off-hand, could give his name. Campbell, indeed, is usually guessed on the strength of his other patriotic pieces. The real author, however, was the Rev. Charles Wolfe, an Irish clergyman of the Anglican Church, who died in 1823 at the early age of thirty-one.

No list of English heroes ought to be considered complete without the name of the policeman who sacrificed himself in the cause of duty the other day by having a perfectly good tooth pulled in order to provide direct evidence against an unqualified dentist, says the London correspondent of The New York Sun. As yet the name is not forthcoming, and the modest hero refuses to disclose himself. Only the story is known. There are recipients of the Victoria Cross who would shrink from the ordeal of a tooth extracted without gas, and the policeman in question could not take gas as he had to keep wide awake to watch the illegal act as it proceeded. The dentist in the case had evaded the law for some time and the only way to catch him seemed to be to arrest him in the very act of pulling a tooth, so the policeman, anxious to win laurels, agreed to go and lose one of his molars in the cause. He went and suffered at the hands of the unqualified extractor of teeth and promptly arrested him after the operation, to the amazement of the dentist.

The method of raising money for charities by such means as the conferring of decorative coat labels on "tag day," is not altogether original. From times immemorial in China a donation of 20,000 taels to charity has secured for the donor the much-prized peacock's feather, while for half that sum a title of nobility is conferred on one's ancestors to the third generation. The late Emperor of Brazil followed the same method when erecting a hospital in Rio de Janeiro. Having found a difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds, he announced that the title of "baron" was to be conferred on every subscriber of 100,000 milreis, and that of "count" on subscribers of 250,000 milreis. This announcement produced the desired effect, and the hospital was soon completed. The opening ceremony was performed by the Emperor, and attended by a large number of the newly ennobled, who did not altogether relish the words inscribed in letters of gold on the gable of the new building, "Human Vanity to Human Misery."

Sir Harry Johnston, the African traveller, administrator, and naturalist, has had some quaint adventures. A reigning chieftain, through whose country he had to pass, once practically held him up to ransom, his price being fixed at one bed, one chair, thirty barrels of powder, one hundred Snider rifles, one hundred muzzle-loading guns, one thousand cartridges, a concertina, a desk, a table, a tent, thirty loads of big red beads, and thirty loads of fine blue beads. Diplomacy, however, got the explorer out of the country with the ransom unpaid. A love-smitten queen in the Dark Continent once summoned Sir Harry to her, and refused to believe that the rest of him was as fair as his face. So imperious was her curiosity that he had to lift up his trousers and show, bashfully, the calf of his leg, upon which the enchanted lady declared that he must stay with her forever. The gallant Englishman had to do what he had never done to an enemy—bolt before the violent wooing of the dusky one.

M. Ernest Lavisse, the French historian, declares that the German Kaiser, far from being the omnipotent sovereign the world considers him, is the incumbent of an office whose prerogatives are very imperfectly defined in the Imperial constitution. His power must be pieced together, from a hint here and a phrase there. One German scholar, after attempting to discriminate between the *Monarch am Reich*, when the Kaiser is considered as president of the German confederation, the *Monarch des Reichs*, in his foreign relations, and *Monarch im Reich* for some other reason, ends by deploring the difficulty of finding a good definition for the holder of the Imperial crown. Other constitutional lawyers have plainly declared that the *Kaiserthum* is an ill-constructed and incomplete institution, *unfertig* in the original language.

"For twenty-five years I have practically lived in the underworld of London, and the knowledge that I have obtained has been gathered from sad, and often wearying, experience. Yet I have seen so much to encourage and inspire me, that now, in my latter days, I am more hopeful of humanity's ultimate good than ever." So writes Mr. Thomas Holmes, who spent so many years as a London police court missionary, in his new book, "Known to the Police."

At a dinner in Kingston the other night, Mr. E. J. B. Pense, ex-M.P.P., announced that The British Whig, of which he is editor and proprietor, had attained its seventy-fifth anniversary. He further stated that he had been forty-six years in the newspaper business, and that he contemplates a partial retirement from business after the completion of his handsome suburban residence in Kingston, but will spend half the day at The Whig office.

In Leipzig there are street kiosks where for a penny the city directory can be inspected.

THE ENGINEERS

The Canadian Society and the S.P.S. Students.

No less than 740 guests were served in the great drafting room adjoining Convocation Hall, at the University on the occasion of the School of Practical Science annual dinner on Thursday evening of last week. In the adjoining hall over one hundred students, who could not be accommodated in the main hall, were dined. The students this year did a very enterprising thing in inviting as their guests, the entire body of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers who were holding their annual convention in the city at the time, and a vast, rousing and memorable dinner it proved to be. A pleasing incident of the evening was the presentation of a silver service to Dr. J. Galbraith, Dean of the Faculty, and of a gold watch to Dr. W. H. Ellis, Professor of Chemistry, the two men who thirty years ago began teaching in the School of Practical Science at its founding in Toronto. The toast to "Canada" was proposed by Mr. A. D. La Pan, one of the students, who made a brief and excellent speech, introducing Mr. Byron E. Walker, who desired to impress upon the great gathering of young men he saw before him, many of whom would be the engineers of the future, the necessity of conserving Canadian resources from the grasping need of the world which is growing poor in the iron, timber and other treasures of which Canada has an abundance. "A great trust has fallen upon you, young gentlemen," said the speaker. "Do not be proud of Canada because you are Canadians, but because the trust falls upon you to develop and conserve our wealth. We and you shall be judged some day by the use we make of it. We in Canada are in great danger to-day. No other country of only 7,500,000 people has such great resources and has at the same time lying to the south the most profligate user of natural resources in the world, and one which to-day has practically exhausted all that it once possessed. Our problem to-day is not to develop Canada's wealth, but to conserve it. If it is true that in a comparatively few years the iron and timber of the United States will be exhausted, do not think that when that time comes we will be allowed to enjoy our own resources at our leisure. The United States will turn like lightning upon them and devour them as fast as it can. So I say, learn to conserve what we own. If you do, in future centuries Canada will be master of the steel trade and rich in lumber and water powers. All the nations will have to come to her. If you do not, if you cannot awake your own consciences and the conscience of the public to the menace to our timber, our water powers, our fisheries, and our farm lands, which lies in the demands of a profligate age, you will have occasion to glory in being cowards, you will have been false to your trust."

Dean Galbraith and the shiny box.

C. F. Ritchie and his Scotch song.

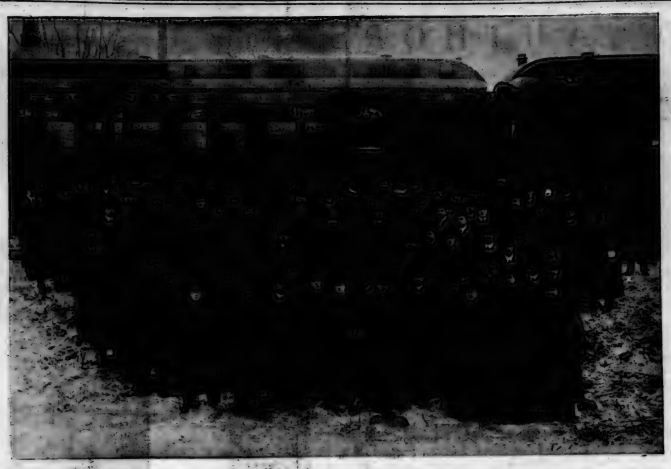
When President Falconer arose to speak in response to a toast, he received such a welcome from the great body of Science students who were gathered in the hall, as must ever be gratifying to a man who presides over such a republic as a University. Before he could begin his remarks the students flashed upon the end wall a fine portrait of the President and the words of a song in his honor, which was sung by the whole body of students led by an octette. President Falconer has, since coming to Toronto, shown himself to be one of the happiest speakers we have. He always speaks briefly, and he always has something to say that his hearers go away determined to remember. On this occasion he spoke with his usual brevity and impressiveness, urging the young men to bear in mind the advice they had received from Dr. Galbraith, that the importance of the man has to be considered as well as that of the engineer, and that self-control is absolutely necessary. He told of crossing the ocean a couple of years ago, and of observing the splendid discipline of the ship under a cheerful and observant captain, with whom he had several pleasant conversations. In the management of that ship every man played his part, all under the direction of this one quiet and competent man. "The master of that vessel," he said, "was Captain Sealby, of the Re-

Chairman Marshall's bid for silence.

Mr. Geo. A. Mountain

public, who showed the world the other day the strength that self-control gives a man over himself and others." This reference was greeted with cheers.

On Friday the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers went over by Grand Trunk special train to Port Colborne and Welland. At Port Colborne they were entertained at luncheon and then viewed the Government's new elevator and the public works in the harbor. On the return to Welland the excursionists visited the Plymouth Cordage Works, but, for lack of time, were unable to inspect other local enterprises which it had been desired to look over. Returning to Toronto in the evening they attended their annual banquet at the King Edward Hotel.



THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS AT PORT COLBORNE.

The engineers travelled in a special train placed at their disposal by the Grand Trunk and were entertained at a luncheon in the Guild Hall served by ladies of St. James' Episcopal church. Later they visited the new grain elevator and the works of the Canadian Portland Cement Company.

Dean Galbraith, retiring president of the society, presided, and among those present were Messrs. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways; G. A. Mountain, chief engineer of the National Transcontinental, and president-elect of the society; F. H. McGuigan, J. Oborne, general superintendent of the Ontario division of the CP.R.; James Leitch, K.C., chairman of the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board; Prof. W. G. Miller, Provincial Geologist; J. P. Watson, president of the Toronto Board of Trade; G. H. Frost, New York; J. J. Salmond, C. B. Smith, C. H. Mitchell, chairman of the Toronto branch C.S.E.; J. J. G. Kerry, A. G. Van Nostrand, president of the Ontario Land Surveyors, A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works; C. H. Rust, City Engineer; W. McNab, assistant engineer G.T.R.; E. Marceau, Montreal; Gustave Lindenthal, New York. The programme and menu card was unique, the design being by Mr. C. H. Mitchell, chairman of the Toronto branch of the society.

Mr. A. W. Campbell proposed the toast of "Our Guests" in a felicitous speech, coupling with it the names of Mr. J. P. Watson, Mr. W. McNab and Mr. G. H. Frost. "Canada and the Empire" was submitted by Mr. R. W. Leonard, and responded to in stirring style by Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of The Globe, who eulogized the work of civil engineers, to whom we owed much for holding the Empire together. The valleys and mountain ranges might run north and south, but engineers could bridge the one and tunnel the other, and it was their work which had enabled the national sentiment to be developed. The Canadian Pacific Railway had cost enormously, but the country had been paid for it, and they had to be thankful for someone who looked beyond the skyline and saw where the strange roads went down. "I hope we shall never learn to bluster and parade Canada because it is big, because it is half a continent, unless we produce the quality of man. We must all aim at that, and having done that, it is a great thing to go on and find the wealth of the North and the West." In the building of the Empire they must not overlook the debt owing to the multitude who did their work quietly in the back lands, men of "the legion that never was listed." In the Empire they had a gerat thing for the world, for it was the greatest force of a thousand years making for civilization. At one time it had seemed doubtful whether Canada could remain in the Empire. The work of the engineers, however, had opened to the farmers and manufacturers the markets of the world and made it possible for Canada not only to remain in the Empire, but to come to her own in the Empire.

"Kindred Societies" was proposed by Mr. M. J. Butler and responded to in suitable terms by Prof. Miller, representing the Canadian Mining Institute; Mr. G. Gouinlock, president of the Ontario Architects' Association, and Mr. A. G. Van Nostrand, president of the Ontario Land Surveyors. Mr. G. A. Mountain, in giving the health of the retiring president, referred to the great services of Dean Galbraith, who in responding expressed his wish to do all in his power to forward the interests of the society.

Parliamentary Representation for Universities.

THE 'Varsity, in its issue for January 29, advocates parliamentary representation for universities in Canada, suggesting that the English practice be followed, with certain modifications. Here is The 'Varsity's argument on the subject:

A matter that has been receiving considerable attention of late, not only in undergraduate circles but among graduates as well, is the proposal that the University of Toronto should have direct representation in Parliament.

The idea does not lack either reason or precedent. Ever since the time of James I., the English Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London have elected their representatives to the British Parliament, and these university members have been among the foremost in the House of Commons. The effect of the system upon the universities themselves is seen in the interest that the undergraduates take in British politics, and in the many graduates who enter public life and attain distinction there. Why should not the University of Toronto, with its rapidly-increasing enrolment, already equal to the voting population of the average constituency, elect its own member of Parliament, who shall stand for our high ideals and for all that our University represents?

At present, if an election occurs during the academic year, numbers of undergraduates who reside in constituencies at a distance from Toronto, finding it impossible to return home for election day, lose their vote. This injustice would be removed if the University had its own representative, undergraduates relinquishing their vote in the home constituency, and receiving instead the right to vote for a University member. Under the English system, of course, graduates as well as undergraduates have a vote. The proposal to give graduates a University vote in addition to their territorial vote would be likely to meet with vigorous protest in Canada. Here the wisest plan would seem to be that of having the University member elected entirely by undergraduates, who would then forfeit their territorial vote.

It has been suggested that the introduction of politics into University life would be detrimental; that the pure atmosphere supposed to pervade halls of learning would be contaminated by the sordidness and corruption that unfortunately characterizes Canadian political methods at the present time. Might we not rather say that in participating in political affairs, University undergraduates, still in direct touch with the lofty ideals of the University, could throw their influence into the balance against those evils so much to be deplored in our political life, and thus help to raise political standards?

University men as a body have often been accused of a certain academic unconcern for politics and the public affairs of their country. While we think this charge is not sufficiently grounded, it is certain that a great many undergraduates take less interest in the government of the country than they should. The granting of a member to the University would give a general stimulus to student concern for the political welfare of the state, and would educate undergraduates in the practical duties of citizenship. It is probable, also, that more students would be led on graduating to enter political life and to dedicate their University training and culture to public service.

There are minor grounds of objection, as in the case of every proposition. But these are not insuperable; and there is no reason to believe that the granting of a parliamentary representative would not be as productive of good in the case of Toronto University as it has proved in the case of Oxford, Cambridge and London.

Wanted—A Recipe.

I WISH some codger, hoary-haired and mellow,
Would send me his recipe for growing old.
Some good old sport on whom the sere and yellow
Lies like a nimbus of autumnal gold;
For I am forty, fat and something weary,
I've seen the world and loved what I have seen,
But though I find a winter fireside cheery
My heart goes roving when the fields are green.

My youth is spent—by many signs I know it—
By boyhood's friends grown reverend and sage;
They feel their years—by many signs they show it—
In pranks of folly they no more engage.
I've passed the time, when girls will let me kiss them
Or lure me on because that I am I;
And those who did—how bitterly I miss them—
Would view me now with a forbidding eye.

Yet in my heart still wells the joy of childhood,
The open road stil lures me on its quest,
The solitudes and mysteries of the wildwood
Call as of old and will not let me rest.
Though sunlit dreams still throng my eager vision
And prompt my soul to the aspiring rhyme.
How many, shattered by the world's derision,
Lie wrecked and stranded "on the shoals of Time."

I must grow old because it seems the fashion,
Yet I would not be bilious and austere,
Untouched by love, immovable to passion,
Didactic, prosy, stodgy and severe.
Send me my lesson if you've truly learned it,
Tell me your secret, tell me all the truth.
And I will pay, when fully you have earned it,
With what I can of my abounding youth.

—Peter McArthur, in New York Sun.

"G.B.S." Praises Poe and Curses the States

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, lays about him vigorously in the last issue of *The Nation*, though the harmless title of his article is "Edgar Allan Poe." Of course Mr. Shaw does not always mean exactly what he says, and—well, we all know Mr. Shaw's peculiarities. But what he says about Poe makes lively reading. Here are some of his statements:

"There was a time when America, the Land of the Free, and the birthplace of Washington, seemed a natural fatherland for Edgar Allan Poe. Nowadays the thing has become inconceivable: no young man can read Poe's works without asking incredulously what the devil he is doing in *that* galley. America has been found out; and Poe has not; that is the situation.

"How did he live there, this finest of fine artists, this born aristocrat of letters? Alas! he did not live there: he died there, and was duly explained away as a drunkard and a failure, though it remains an open question whether he really drank as much in his whole lifetime as a modern successful American drinks without comment, in six months.

"If the Judgment Day were fixed for the centenary of Poe's birth, there are among the dead only two men born since the Declaration of Independence whose plea for mercy could avert a prompt sentence of damnation on the entire nation; and it is extremely doubtful whether those two could be persuaded to pervert eternal justice by uttering it. The two are, of course, Poe and Whitman.

"Let no American fear that America, on that hypothetic Judgment Day, would perish alone. America would be damned in very good European company, and would feel proud and happy, and contemptuous of the saved. She would not even plead the influence of the mother from whom she has inherited all her worst vices. If the American stands to-day in scandalous pre-eminence as an anarchist and a ruffian, a liar and a braggart, an idolater and a sensualist, that is only because he has thrown off the disguises of Catholicism and feudalism which still give Europe an air of decency, and sins openly, impudently, and consciously, instead of furtively, hypocritically, and muddle-headedly as we do.

"Not until he acquires European manners does the American anarchist become the gentleman who assures you that people cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament (the truth being that it is only by Acts of Parliament that men in large communities can be made moral, even when they want to); or the American ruffian hand over his revolver and bowie knife to be used for him by a policeman or soldier; or the American liar and braggart adopt the tone of the newspaper, the pulpit, and the platform, or the American idolater write authorized biographies of millionaires; or the American sensualist secure the patronage of all the Muses for his pornography.

"Howbeit, Poe remains homeless. There is nothing at all like him in America: nothing, at all events, visible across the Atlantic. At that distance we can see Whistler plainly enough, and Mark Twain.

"Edgar Allan Poe was not in the least a Philistine. He wrote always as if his native Boston was Athens, his Charlottesville University Plato's Academy, and his cottage the crown of the heights of Fiesole. He was the greatest journalist critic of his time, placing good European work at sight when the European critics were waiting for somebody to tell them what to say. His poetry is so exquisitely refined that posterity will refuse to believe that it belongs to the same civilization as the glory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's lilies or the honest doggerel of Whittier.

"In his stories of mystery and imagination Poe created a world-record for the English language: perhaps for all the languages. The story of the Lady Ligeia is not merely one of the wonders of literature: it is unparalleled and unapproached. There is really nothing to be said about it: we others simply take off our hats and let Mr. Poe go first. It is interesting to compare Poe's stories with William Morris's. Both are not merely stories: they are complete work of art. like prayer carpets; and they are, in Poe's phrase, stories of imagination. They are masterpieces of style: what people call Macaulay's style is by comparison a mere method. But they are more different than it seems possible for two art works in the same kind to be. Morris will have nothing to do with mystery."

Norman Dwight Harris, in the February Forum, writes: In the event of the failure of the reform movement in Turkey, or if, after a careful and thorough experiment, it is found that the inhabitants of Macedonia are incapable of self-government, there will remain but one thing for the European Concert to do. The district should be purchased from Turkey at a reasonable figure and divided among the neighboring states of Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece, on an equitable basis in accord with the number of persons in Macedonia racially related to the peoples of those states. The burden of the Turkish indemnity would, of course, be assumed by the Balkan governments. In any case the whole of the Balkans should be permanently neutralized. All the states should be placed, like Switzerland and Belgium, under the protection of the Powers, so they can neither make war nor be attacked. The time has now come for such an action. None of the greater states will ever consent to one of their number taking possession of the region. Economically neutralization would be one of the greatest blessings to the young and weak Balkan kingdoms. And why should the district not form a "buffer state" between Austria, Russia and Turkey, as Switzerland does between the nations of Western Europe? With the integrity and independence of the Danube states guaranteed, and the co-operation of a reformed Turkey and the powers in Macedonia an accomplished fact, all fear of war would vanish and the old bugbear of the "terrible Turk" would disappear from Europe forever.

Edmund Vance Cooke, the lecturer and poet of Cleveland, Ohio, speaking before the Canadian Club at London, Eng., recently, said: "I am proud of the fact that I was born in Canada and have said so in the United States many times. I think Canadians have a good deal broader democracy than we have. We went too deep on the start and the reaction has made it worse than ever. As to the relation of the two countries, it is just as foolish to talk of the United States annexing Canada as it is to talk of Canada annexing the United States. It is a great nation working out its own destiny. We can, however, immediately rub out the boundary lines of ignorance of each other and become, if not one nation, at least one big familiar sort of club. Canadian-American clubs could be the idea that we could just naturally lap over on both sides of the line."

Costa Rica can claim the double honor of being one of the first discovered and least revolutionary portions of the American continent. Visited by Columbus during his third voyage, it was peopled by Spanish adventurers early in the sixteenth century, and until 1821 formed part of the Kingdom of Guatemala. The great battle in its history took place at the Laguna de Ochomogo, and decided whether Costa Rica was to become an independent republic or a part of Mexico.

Great Britain finds that her scheme of old-age pensions will cost nearer forty million dollars a year than the thirty million of the estimate. The total number of pensioners will pass the 600,000 mark, though it was thought that 500,000 was a liberal calculation. Should the age limit be reduced from seventy years to sixty the increase of these figures would be tremendous.

The London Times says: By deliberately pitting the power of human mind and character against the blind forces of geography, Canadians have achieved in barely more than a generation a triumph over natural obstacle which is perhaps the most striking monument in the modern world of national decision and resource.

The long war with Yaqui Indians in Mexico, in which scores have been killed at different times, including many Americans, has been terminated in a treaty of peace agreed upon by three Indian chiefs and 166 of their followers and the governor of the state of Sonora, Mexico.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"PEACE, Power and Plenty" is the title of the latest of the series of inspirational books by Orison Swett Marden. (Thomas Z. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York; price $1.00.) Dr. Marden is editor of Success, and those who are familiar with the optimistic tone of that magazine or with the character of his previously published volumes, "He Can Who Thinks He Can," "The Secret of Achievement," etc., will expect to find every sentence of the eighteen chapters of "Peace, Power, and Plenty" full of sunny suggestion. And they will not be disappointed. Among the chapter titles are: "Poverty a Mental Disability," "Health through Right Thinking," "How Suggestion Influences Health," "Why Grow Old?" "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," "Worry the Disease of the Age," "Good Cheer—God's Medicine." And throughout the entire work the reader has pressed upon him, cheerfully and most insistently, the inspiring creed of the author, which is that every human being was meant to be healthy and happy, and that every one of us, by right thinking, can be happy and successful. Dr. Marden's convictions do not resolve themselves into dogma, like those of Christian Scientists. His beliefs, as expressed in his writings, are simply based on the fact, which all intelligent people must, to some extent, realize, that we are happy or miserable according to our attitude toward life. Those who read Dr. Marden's essays are reminded of this fact with great vigor. They have it held up to them, forced upon them, in its relation to every circumstance and duty of modern existence.

"Peace, Plenty, and Power" may not rank very high as a literary performance. Cold-blooded philosophers may smilingly regard it as being, like all this author's writings, a succession of exaggerated utterances by one who finds it profitable to be an extremist among professional optimists. But to thousands of people Dr. Marden's wholesome suggestions voiced in his nervous, staccato style will prove a highly stimulating mental tonic—a real inspiration.

* * *

"Town and Trail" is an interesting little volume from the pen of Gertrude Balmer Watt, issued by the News Publishing Company, Edmonton. Mrs. Watt conducts the woman's page of Edmonton's bright weekly paper, The Saturday News, writing over the pen name of "Peggy." Some time ago a number of her sketches of Western life were collected and published in booklet form. They attracted considerable attention, chiefly for the reason that Mrs. Watt is a pioneer in her field—one of the first women to engage in newspaper writing in the region beyond Winnipeg. Now that this region's vast potentialities are being realized widespread interest has been awakened regarding it. And as there can be no true development anywhere without homes made by the hands and hearts of women, it is important that knowledge of what life in the Canadian West has to offer to women shall find its way to every part of the world where two or three are gathered together considering a move to our land of promise.

Mrs. Watt says that life for women in the West is very pleasant, and her latest volume can be read with profit by intending settlers there, and with pleasurable interest by everyone east and west.

* * *

Since the appearance of James Oliver Curwood's remarkable story of the old Mormon kingdom that once flourished in Michigan, "The Courage of Captain Plum," an absorbing and nearly lost page of history has been reopened, and the author has been requested by two different publishers to write in purely historical form the story of that romantic and picturesque kingdom which is the scene of his stirring tale. In reading this novel, with its dramatic and romantic happenings, few people would guess that they were in reality absorbing absolute history, and that even beautiful Marion, like Alice of Old Vincennes, had an actual existence in that vicious and sensual kingdom of the Mormons, which, under James Jesse Strang, threatened at one time to rule a large part of Michigan and Wisconsin. So powerful had these Mormons become at the time of which Mr. Curwood writes that they possessed their armed soldiers and armed ships, and their capital of St. James was protected by cannon. Piracies were openly committed on Lake Michigan, and armed forays were made among the Gentiles of the mainland until the mere rumor that the Mormons were abroad was sufficient to send a thrill of horror along the entire coast.

The political machinery of northern Michigan was completely in the hands of King Strang, who was elected to the state legislature, and who continued to wield his great power despite the combined efforts of both state and national governments. At this time Strang's ambition was to form a powerful Mormon nation out of Michigan and Wisconsin, and his emissaries were gaining converts in nearly every state in the union. Once each year Strang, who was "priest, king and prophet," had himself crowned with a crown of gold amid scenes of regal and at the same time savage pomp. At this great festivity of the year scores of cattle and sheep were roasted whole, and the entire population, numbering several thousand souls, joined in the celebrations. The fighting which Mr. Curwood so vividly describes, the terror of the mainlanders, their war against the Mormons, their defeat, and at last the tragic death of Strang himself, are all matters of history—so long forgotten that they have almost ceased to exist as history.

When first planning his book, Mr. Curwood was warned not to follow historical detail too closely, and he replied:

"If I follow at all closely the historical detail of this kingdom of the Mormons my readers will believe that I have created a more wildly imaginary kingdom than that in which Anthony Hope placed his 'Prisoner of Zenda.'"

* * *

"Prosperous Calgary" is the title of a very handsome special edition just issued by The Calgary Daily Herald. It contains a series of bright, snappy articles describing "the queen city of Alberta, its magnificent situation and the material factors which have made it a great commercial centre." The work of compiling was done by Harry Hume, under the direction of The Herald's energetic editor, Mr. J. H. Woods. To those acquainted with Calgary the volume will be of much interest. But to those who have never seen this enterprising young city a glance over the pages of The Herald's special edition will prove not only interesting but surprising. Turning over the pages one sees pictures of all kinds of fine buildings—elevators, warehouses, banking offices, public institutions, residences—all of a kind that would adorn any metropolitan centre. A picture of the Canadian Pacific Railway yards is impressive; so is one of the Dominion Fair grounds. The tone of the article is, like the tone of Calgary itself—optimistic in the extreme. The volume in itself is an evidence of newspaper enterprise in Calgary. The Daily Herald has always been a live, virile journal, and as a Southern publication, under the editorship of Mr. Woods, it grows in progressiveness and aggressiveness as Calgary grows.

* * *

Among odd things noticed in a late London paper was the sale at an auction room in England some three of four years ago of an elegant paper-knife to which was affixed a silver plate stating that it had been in daily use by Charles Dickens and was presented after his death to a Mrs. Winter by one of Dickens' relatives. It appears that Mrs. Winter was no less than the original of the Flora Finching, who is beloved by all readers of "Little Dorrit."

* * *

The proprietors of The Morning Chronicle of Halifax, N.S., of which paper Joseph Howe was for many years the editor, have in course of publication and will shortly issue a new and complete edition of the speeches and public letters of the noted Nova Scotian publicist. In this edition will be included the material contained in the edition published by Hon. Mr. Annand in 1858 and also all the important speeches and letters delivered and written by Joseph Howe between 1858 and the time of his death in 1873.

The editor of the new edition, Joseph A. Chisholm, K.C., has for some years been diligently collecting all the writings of the famous Nova Scotian, and he has carefully compiled the same for publication in the forthcoming work.

* * *

In discussing the "best sellers" of the year The Bookman says: "In the lists for 1908 there were represented a greater number of books than in any other year since we began compiling these tables. There were thirty-six titles as against thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905, thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1901, and twenty-nine in 1900. On account of two of the books being the result of collaboration the thirty-six titles represent thirty-eight authors. Of these twenty-two are men and sixteen women, a much more even division than in 1907, when the figures were twenty-five to seven. In comparing the American popularity of English and American books we are leaving out entirely Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Mrs. Williamson. Of the remaining thirty-five, twenty-eight are American and seven English." A large number of best sellers would seem to indicate a lack of dominating books. If in the course of a year thirty-six titles appear among the monthly six leaders, it would seem to show that two months is the average period of prosperity. The shortening of this period since 1900 is a striking feature of the tables, and probably if they were carried back twenty years or so the difference would be even more conspicuous.

* * *

Another attempt to prove the identity of "The Man in the Iron Mask" has been made by Mgr. Arthur Stapylton Barnes in a new book just published in London by Smith, Elder, entitled "The Man of the Mask." Those whose claims have been advanced in the past were:

The Duke of Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Valliere.

And elder brother of Louis XIV., a child of Anne of Austria by the Duke of Buckingham.

The issue of a secret marriage of Anne of Austria with Mazarin.

A twin brother of Louis XIV.

The Duke of Monmouth.

A son of Oliver Cromwell.

The Duc de Beaufort.

Foucquet.

Avedick, an ecclesiastic of the Armenian Church.

Count Matthioli, an Italian adventurer.

M. de Marchiel, a French adventurer.

Andrew Lang once ventured the guess that the mysterious prisoner who wore this mask was James Stuart (James de la Cloche), eldest of the children of Charles II. Mgr. Barnes follows this up with evidence and argument, claiming that the famous prisoner was indeed the eldest natural son of Charles, known as James Carteret or Stuart, otherwise known as Abbe Pregnani, otherwise known as Henri de Roban, otherwise known as Mr. de la Cloche, Jesuit. It is claimed that he acted as intermediary between the Church of Rome and Charles II. and later on became dangerous because of his knowledge that Charles, like his brother James, had embraced Roman Catholicism. This book makes one more interesting guess at the identity of the mysterious prisoner, but it does not settle the question. The author says the mask was not of iron but of velvet, not worn as a punishment but as a privilege—enabling the prisoner to move about without risk of being recognized, instead of being closely confined to his cell.

* * *

Charles Battell Loomis's little book, "The Knack of It," issued a few months ago, has reached the dignity of a third printing. Canada has appreciated Loomis's humor, a large edition having been ordered by a Toronto publisher. Of course Loomis is a joke-smith, and like most humorists has a mournful countenance. His expression is exceedingly solemn, he seldom smiles, and when he does, it is an effort that is painful to behold.

He was present last winter at a theatre party given by Mark Twain. After the show, the elder humorist greeted the younger with a smile and a handshake, but the mournful visage of Loomis remained unchanged.

"We've met before, Mr. Clemens," he said. "I attended your birthday dinner but did not suppose you'd remember my face."

"Remember your face!" responded Twain, "why I'll never forget it. I wish I had it."

"The Knack of It" is a group of shrewd and witty essays on the way to be happy and popular and cheerful and to live so you will enjoy it.

HERE'S A GOOD TRAIN.

If you're going to Parry Sound, Sudbury, or any point on that line, you will find the C.P.R.'s 9.40 a.m. a good train, any day except Sunday. You won't need to take a lunch or go hungry, as excellent meals are served in the kitchen car, at easy prices.

Last year's passion is much less becoming even than last year's fashion. We rarely shake out the folds of an old love and say, "How well I looked in that!"—Smart Set.

The Russian Douma has sent a congratulatory note to the Turkish Parliament. This should encourage the latter some, if not much.—Washington Herald.

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table." "I can't, mamma," protested the little girl, "I'm a fidgetarian."—Chicago Tribune.

A GOOD TIME TO BUY FURNITURE

By no means the least important feature of our February Furniture Sale, is the showing of that particular type of furniture associated with homes in which culture and refinement predominate. There could be no greater mistake than to suppose—because the policy of this store is based upon low margins of profit and big turn-over—that the importance of the higher-grade goods is, in the least degree, lost sight of.

A large proportion of the stock in our Furniture Department consists of articles, the beauty and sterling worth of which can only be appreciated by the connoisseur. The most approved conceptions in design, the conscientious and painstaking efforts of the most highly skilled Cabinet-Makers and the beauty of the finest woods, find expression in that portion of our display which comes under the heading of

HIGH CLASS FURNITURE

Most of the designs are exclusive, and, whether from our own workrooms or especially imported, will be found, in every instance, to conform to the requirements of good taste.

This month's sale is intended to emphasize the fact that, in complete provision for every furniture need of the modern home, this store occupies a unique position. Anyone with the requisite knowledge and taste to discern between artistic furniture and the ordinary kind, will find our Furniture Department, at *any* time, the centre of unusual attraction. Just now, however, *exceptional interest* attaches to the well-stocked Fourth Floor on account of the wonderful values offered this month.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
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Fame.

ONE strove and fought unceasingly for Fame,
And at the end he died without a name.

Another for the laurel caring naught,
Achieved a Fame with bays undying fraught.

Fame hath a way—quite like a woman she!—
Of spurning those who woo too ardently.

No doubt she finds it pleasant to be wooed,
But would be tempted rather than pursued.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in The Smart Set.

There never was a true Bohemia that was not marked by cheery song, good talk and poverty. A bankrupt millionaire or great noble of fallen fortunes frequently becomes the best of Bohemians; but let a member of the guild acquire wealth, fame or social position, and his Bohemianism slips from his shoulders like an old garment, as it did in the case of Clemenceau, who once contentedly quaffed his beer at Pfaff's and is now Prime Minister of France.

There is only one thing more absurd on its face than a wealthy and fashionable Bohemia, and that is one that is sour and discontented and whose laughter does not ring true. And the trouble with every one of our self-styled Bohemias is that it is not happy and careless, but morose, envious and given over to the worship of money, which it borrows on every possible occasion from the unsuspecting stranger under the pretence of "making a good Bohemian out of him."

It is pitiful to think of the delightful groups of unaffected, agreeable men and women that have crystallized in New York from time to time only to be broken up and scattered to the four winds! No sooner does the cheery and unpretentious little foreign restaurant which has served to attract clever and interesting people begin to acquire a little local renown, than the professional Bohemian is certain to appear upon the scene. He is known to all wise men by his forced geniality and a laugh that never comes, as all honest laughs should, from below his collar button. —James L. Ford in The Smart Set.

HE was a giant of a man and brought a meek-looking little woman before the magistrate and shamelessly charged her with cruelty. He described her in no measured language as being uncontrollable and incorrigible.

The magistrate looked the big fellow all over and glanced at the meagre partner of his joys and finally asked:

"What line of business do you follow?"

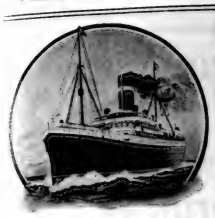
"I am a lion tamer," he replied proudly.

Knicker—How did Outlate give himself away? Bocker—Left his shoes in the elevator.—New York Sun.

Kaiser Wilhelm must be in the mood to cancel his subscription to his clipping-bureau.—Chicago Post.

Ella—"Bella never passes a mirror without looking in it." Stella—"Brave girl!"—Harper's Weekly.

The woman who protests is half won.—Smart Set.



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Lady Gay's Column

WHEN an experienced observer hears a bit of personal gossip, he or she is enabled instantly to value it at its proper figure. Various considerations immediately pass in review, unconsciously summonsed from the knowledge stored in some attic cells of the well-informed brain. While the newcomer or the malicious *parvenu* or the stolidly credulous one discusses and enlarges on the original item, brewing a lovely dish of gossip, and feasting upon it, the wider, sager mind of the experienced observer may probably have consigned the whole matter to the dust heap as incredible, unworthy, or capable of an interpretation incomprehensible to the one on the outside. For nine-tenths of the wild stories one hears with profound amazement about one's friends are evolved from the outside; the vagaries of the millionaire, who never dreamed of them; the caprices of the fashionable beauty, whose sense of humor would render them impossible; the savage domestic wars, entirely created by revengeful servants or uncomprehending listeners to the broadest variety of "chaff" between relatives absolutely loving and united. I have listened with amusement or indignation many a time to details similar to the above, when it scarcely seemed worth while to correct, or try to correct the warped and false statements made with a conviction worthy of a better cause. For there is nowhere such impatient scorn of correction, nor such depth of possible insimuation as meets the one who knows from the inside the falseness of the tales evolved from the outside and essays to present a faithful version of such tales. It's like the woman whose husband spent an hour in giving his justification to a jealous wife of his trust in and affection for a woman to whom he owed loyal friendship. The wife listened without comment, and when asked finally if she could object to the esteem her husband confessed, merely replied: "Well, I don't like her, anyway," which to her was a satisfactory conclusion of the whole matter. The experienced observer often meets this immobility of mind in the scandal monger from the outside. It is merely a sign of the lack of fraternity, the callousness to the broad and beautiful tie of universal brotherhood, the suspicious selfishness and cruelty which some folk share with certain of the lower animals and beasts of prey.

Tributes to the dead are not in this country, as in China, enforced by law, and one doesn't go to jail here if one refuses to mourn as laid out in the statutes. Even the wearing of black in memory of the departed has ceased to be obligatory, and in a recent case, when the survivor was mentally and physically very much depressed, was forbidden by her physician. Of course, the "bromides" all had their little squeal, and it was the prime subject of discussion after the frail mourner was seen out of doors in the same navy blue suit and furs she had worn before her bereavement. One thing about the bromides which one must admire, is their patience with themselves! They all, with one consent, voted the navy blue suit an insult to the memory of a dear creature: they all sucked in their breath as if in the first agonies of appendicitis, and rolled reproachful eyes at nobody in particular. When they called upon the woman in fault, they found her in a becoming and cheerful pink tea-gown, and they left her with a "past-praying-for" expression, which, she whispered to me, was very comical. The pink tea-gown had been the particular choice of the defunct relative, and the survivor loved to wear it, and recall the admiration which had been felt and expressed by one whose opinion was all in all to her. "I am sure if he had been able to see me in crepe and chiffon taffeta," she said, smiling mournfully, "he'd have said, 'For goodness sake, Mary, don't make a fright of yourself,' and so I just wont." In a certain type of mind her behavior loomed up as a positive crime, a type of mind we know as distinguishing the makers of laws anent mourning, and which is enshrined in a head adorned with a pigtail and "a little round button on top." But this isn't China, and Mary and her sisters are refusing here and there to hear the yellow man's burden of compulsory mourning, while their white brother goes free, save perhaps for a black necktie now and then.

We all have heard the world agree that men may go to theatres very soon after the decease of relatives, while women must renounce that form of distraction for at least one season. Isn't it the height of a foolish distinction? One needs the light and relaxation as much as the other, but custom (a whiff from China!) has decreed that women shall not have it. Deep mourning in a gay group of theatre-goers is malapropos; white is always harmonious, and yet, we all know that the moment a woman supposed to be in mourning would dress in white and go to see ever such a fine play, out would come those mental almanacs, and up would roll those scandalized orbs, and we'd all be told it was quite shocking, when dear lamented so-and-so had only been three months in the grave. And in some curious and imperceptible way that woman would be cheapened, censured, put in the wrong light. So strong are Chinese ideas in some minds. It seems to some of us rather more sane and amiable to let our fellows come out of the gloom when they can!

The suffragette isn't always logical (bromide, isn't it?) but she should try and be accurate. For instance, when one of the tribe says in public that she was arrested and jailed, disciplined and branded in the public print for merely asking for the rights justice accords, but man, the monster, denies, she states what is false, unfair and mischievous. She was jailed for impeding traffic, defying the laws of the street and the enforcers of the laws, and making herself a nuisance to the public. She would have been jailed, etc., for these things if she had been merely drunk and disorderly, or trying to boom a patent cure-all, or advertising a minstrel show, or in any way setting a pernicious example of contempt for authority. It wasn't the least because she was a suffragette or a tattooed lady, or a freak of any sort, but because she was an incentive to disorderliness and an active demonstration of the same.

The teachers in our public schools are up against funny problems now and then. The foreign element sometimes arrives at disconcerting educational conclusions. A teacher who has a large number of Hebrew children and Italians in her class was giving an exercise in the composition of sentences containing the words "stupid" and "leaps," and these are two of the sentences returned to her: "My leaps are red"; "I stupid and picked it up."

Mothers have often too much and too little of a good thing, for the tragedy of the mother's life is its unevenness. When the little ones are entirely dependent upon her for care, nourishment and watchfulness, she sometimes grows weary and impatient, as is altogether human and excusable in certain cases. "I am just bound down by the children," sighed an erstwhile joyous girl to me lately, and I did not reproach her, but agreed that it was a temporary case of over blessedness. The converse view struck me very soon after when I sat chatting with a lonely widow, who had just bidden goodbye to her last daughter, a bonnie bride bound for the West Coast. "That's the last child, and I must spend the rest of my days alone, I suppose!" she said a little bitterly. "One never realizes the tragedy of life so keenly as in a moment like this. They'd all be glad to have me with them, and I might divide the year and have my visits with each one, if I could, but I love my own home, the home I made forty years ago, and I should never be really contented away from it. They come and see me, but the visits are not an unmixed pleasure. I've lost my hold on my own children. I sit empty handed. It's worse than death, my dear, and you people who live alone miss a great sorrow as well as a great joy." She sat looking out upon the snowy world, and her brave face worked convulsively with a passion of forsakenness, and her strong, keen eyes were for a moment dim. And I had nothing to say in the face of such a searching inevitable and ordinary sorrow, the loneliness and the chill of which laid any icy finger on my soul.

I hear a lady remarking on the loss of the picturesque in our winter streets. Where are the dashing sleighs, the rich fur robes, the silver sleigh bells, the scarlet tassels and the fine horses that used to flash past the humble observer, and where are the flaming cheeks, the red lips and the dancing eyes of the pretty women out for a sleigh-ride? Lordly fur-crowned coachmen, or prosperous *pater familias* with a knowing touch on the reins and a dashing twirl of the whip, his handsome furs and deep-hued silk muffler, where are all these once familiar sights now-a-days? Instead we have hideous hearse-like motors, chauffeurs goggled and hooded and gloved like queer shapes from a pantomime, the blast of the horn takes the place of the merry jingle of the silver bells, the ladies hide under the hideous canopies with heads inartistically swathed in huge veils, the closed seclusion of the Limousines may allow of dress hats and smart wraps, where no one can admire them, but the general impression of the motor in winter is the reverse of exhilarating. To realize the loss in tone and color since the change from sleigh to auto-car, one has only to recall the smart and dashing turnout of the Driving Club, and try and figure what would be the effect produced by a turnout of its members to-day with their motors. Anything more ghastly doesn't occur to me.

Twenty-five years ago a certain bride and groom had planned to spend the honeymoon at a carnival in Montreal. They planned all right, but the plan worked all wrong, for the elements conspired against them and they were snowed up. Never again, until this year did the chance occur to see that wonder of winter, the ice-palace, or to plunge down the giddy toboggan slide or shout and sing at the snowshoe tramp. It may be that something will, after a quarter of a century, still bob up to balk the desire felt these many years to see a real winter carnival. But if the fates be kind, we'll get there yet!

LADY GAY.

MILK RESTRICTIONS.

Toronto Citizens Can Now Have Milk Produced in Accordance with Medical Men's Theory.

Much has been said, much has been the anticipation, and the outcry that our medical men would and should to a very large extent, control the producing or methods by which our milk supply should be produced in order that the consumer would get the protection necessary for his or her well-being.

The Ontario Medical Association has taken up this all-important question as a body, and for some time past have had their committee of representatives go into the necessary precautions to be taken and methods to be adopted in order to produce a thoroughly safe milk product. It has taken much time and great research extending to all parts of the globe, until now they are ready with a complete set of rules to be followed by the producer under their special guidance and inspection, after which they affix their seal of certification. The methods of other countries have been gone into and results noted, until the committee in charge and known as the "Ontario Medical Association Milk Commission," comprised of such well-known medical practitioners as Prof. Amyot, Drs. Machell, Hastings, Addison, Baines and MacPherson, have compiled a set of rules as strict as the most restricting countries in the world.

In order that our readers may better understand the work of this commission, we will quote some of the requirements necessary to produce this especially cared for milk.

No cows with the slightest infection can be used, and must not be housed in the same building as the healthy herd, each cow to be tuberculin tested and must be void of any tuberculosis infection; all cows to be clipped and washed daily, manure to be removed twice a day, barns to be ventilated and interiors to be painted or whitewashed, milkers to be clean and in good health, all milk to be bottled and chilled within thirty minutes of milking, with a bacteria count of less than five thousand, the same to be cooled to forty-five degrees; the commission to test the milk from time to time, as they think proper, which will be analyzed.

To accomplish the successful production and gain the approval and sanction of this commission the producer has to be most exacting in his methods; besides having a thoroughly competent staff, must have a flawless herd of cattle and scientific barns. But this has been all accomplished, and on Feb. 1 next the first real medically sanctioned milk will be delivered in our market ready for the approval and support of our pure food citizens.

Mr. Saunders, V.S., lecturer at the Veterinary College, is the official veterinary inspector appointed by the commission, and has just completed his inspection of Erindale Farm, and with barely an exception found the herd in a perfectly healthy state, and placed his seal of approval on this herd. Mr. Arthur Price has been sending in samples almost daily to Prof. Amyot, with wonderful results, having the bacteria count as low as one hundred. The progress of this pure food movement will be watched with interest, and much credit is due to S. Price & Sons for the encouragement given by them, as the appointment of a Milk Commission and the certification of milk is largely due to them and to the establishment of their Model Dairy Farm at Erindale.

We are assured that there will be no baseball war in 1909. That leaves a clear field for the Balkan difficulty. —Chicago News.

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THE DRAMA

MADAME NAZIMOVA

The Russian actress who has achieved a triumph in America. She is coming to the Princess the latter part of next week.

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

(With profuse apologies to the late Danny Deever.)

"WHY are the folks all smiling so?" inquired the pretty maid.
"Because they must, because they must," her lucky escort said.
"What makes them grin from ear to ear?" inquired the pretty maid.
"They've been to see 'Aunt Mary,' dear," at once her escort said.
"For 'I've been to see "Aunt Mary,"' you can hear each person say;
Aunt Mary is a wonder in her own peculiar way.
Oh, some of them we yesterday, and some have been to-day,
And we'll have to go ourselves to-morrow evening."

"What shall I wear to-morrow night?" inquired the pretty maid.
"Why, anything will be all right," her gallant escort said.
"What makes them laugh so hard, so hard?" inquired the pretty maid.
"Because she's such a funny card," her slangy escort said.
"For they say it's so amusing that, when once you take your place,
A 'Sunny Jim' expression settles firmly on your face,
And every time the curtain drops you're thankful for a space
To relax and look quite solemn on that evening."

"What does s.e do, what does she do?" inquired the pretty maid.
"She does New York, if I've heard true," in jest her escort said.
"How is she pleased with city life?" inquired the pretty maid.
"New York for hers, New York for hers," her escort promptly said;
"For she tires of country quiet when she does the giddy round;
She settles that the city's where the springs of youth are found,
And even if her reasoning is not precisely sound
She certainly grows younger every evening."

—Ashtar.

* * *

"THE Girl Behind the Counter," in which Lew Fields and his exceptionally large and brilliant company will begin an engagement at the Princess Monday night for four performances with Wednesday matinee, is the same production that for an entire year filled the Herald Square Theatre, New York, with enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Fields in this play has added greatly to his reputation as a comedian. Never, indeed, has he had a more congenial role than that of Henry Schniff, "the multiplied millionaire" in "The Girl Behind the Counter." As a poor German, metamorphosed into a man of great wealth, who, by force of circumstances, is compelled to masquerade in a department store as a detective, soda fountain clerk, floor walker, and later as head waiter in a restaurant, his work is refreshingly bright and spirited. Two scenes in which Mr. Fields predominates—the scene at the soda fountain and the drilling of the waiters—are enough in themselves to carry any show to success.

Surrounding Mr. Fields is a splendid cast, including Miss Connie Ediss, the famous English comedienne, who is very clever as Mrs. Henry Schniff, the socially ambitious wife of the newly-made millionaire.

* * *

ON Thursday of next week Madame Nazimova begins an engagement at the Princess. She is one of the newest and most interesting stars on the American stage and will be seen here for the first time. Madame Nazimova first came to America three years or more ago with the Paul Orleneff Russian players. Even though they appeared for irregular engagements and offered plays in Russian, Nazimova's art attracted such attention and her personality was so magnetic that the Shuberts persuaded her to remain in America and study English. She did so and achieved a triumph. Few players, it is said, have the art that Nazimova brings to bear in the Ibsen dramas.

On Thursday evening Madame Nazimova will appear as "Nora" in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," a role that is said to be one of her best. On Friday evening another Ibsen play will be presented—"Hedda Gabler"—perhaps the strongest drama of temperament now on the stage. At the matinee on Saturday Nazimova will be seen again as "Nora" in "A Doll's House." On the same evening she will present a dramatic novelty, "Comtesse Coquette," by Roberto Bracco, the brilliant comedy in which she enjoyed a long run on Broadway.

The Shuberts are directing her tour, and will present her here with the same fine acting company which surrounded her in New York.

* * *

JAMES K. HACKETT, who will appear at the Royal Alexandra Theatre a week from next Monday, has scored a great hit throughout the country in his revival of the famous Anthony Hope romantic drama, "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is a stirring drama without a moment's dullness, and the good old-fashioned love story, which seems to have fallen into disrepute, is to be found there in all its strength. In addition there is an abundance of fine sword play that once marked the popular actor in the old days, and even in these days has made James K. Hackett one of the leading romantic actors of America.

It is hardly necessary to recall the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which enjoyed a vogue that few modern English novels have had, and was the beginning of a romantic movement on the stage. Combining the dash and vigor of the romance of Alexander Dumas with the lightness of touch and humor that belongs to our own day, Mr. Hackett created a hero in Rassendyll that will probably continue to live for a long time yet.

His other revivals will include Winston Churchill's dramatization of his novel, "The Crisis," and the old romantic play, "Don Caesar's Return," which has not had a place upon the stage in over ten years. Of the plays which are new to the stage here will be Alfred Sutro's drama, "John Glayde's Honor," and for the first time on any stage a new play by C. T. Dazey, entitled "A Son of the South."

JAMES K. HACKETT

Who will be seen next week at the Royal Alexandra, in a repertoire of romantic plays.

Mr. Hackett has a good supporting company.

* * *

The exceedingly popular grotesque comedian, Nat Wills, heads the big show billed for Shea's next week. Several of the liveliest acts in vaudeville are promised to complete a bill of rare novelty, including the following well known turns: The Four Fords in their dancing carnival; the Nichols Sisters, the Kentucky Belles, Fred Hawley & Co., assisted by Francis Haight, "A Night with the Poets," and Oscar Lorraine.

* * *

The magnetic soubrette, Frances Clare, will be seen at the Gayety next week with Weber and Rush's Bon Tons Extravaganza Company. Miss Clare is said to be in a class all by herself as a burlesque comedienne.

* * *

"The Merry Widow" is coming to the Princess on February 15. This operetta, which is, as everybody knows, one of the biggest of recent "hits" in musical entertainment, ought to prove extremely popular here. It is produced by Henry W. Savage.

* * *

Some time ago there appeared in Saturday Night an article in which the writer indulged in some reflections suggested by the fact that a "representative audience" seldom assembles nowadays in a theatre in any city in America. Let any regular theatre-goer in Toronto with a good memory look back over not one but several dramatic seasons and he will be surprised how few occasions he can recall when there was gathered in any local theatre an audience truly representative of the best thought and life of the city. Large audiences, fashionable audiences, enthusiastic audiences there have been. But how often, in recent years, has one entered a Toronto playhouse and encountered the unmistakable atmosphere created by an assembly that includes "everybody"? How often does an audience composed of the city's leaders in thought and action and social life, and of men and women following every pursuit, high and low—how often does such a representative audience gather with enthusiastic singleness of purpose to see a fine actor or a fine play? Very seldom, indeed.

William Winter, the dean of American dramatic critics, and not a few others who, both from professional necessity and from natural inclination, have for years made the stage their chief study and pleasure, are convinced that drama to-day is decadent. If this is true we have an explanation of the fact that many educated and cultivated people—many people who play important roles in real life—seldom attend a theatre. There are those who believe that large numbers of folk who are naturally drama-lovers have come to feel that such a large percentage of theatrical offerings are lacking in significance that they have given up the theatre-going habit; and so miss a fine drama when perchance one comes along.

* * *

This preamble—no doubt unnecessarily doleful—is prompted by a regret that more Torontonians best qualified to appreciate it should not have witnessed the great production by the Henry Miller Associate Players of Charles Rann Kennedy's strangely powerful yet simply beautiful allegorical drama, "The Servant in the House," at the Princess Theatre this week. For it may be quite deliberately pronounced a great modern play.

The plot is simple. The action all takes place in the home of an English vicar, whose church and vicarage are in a bad way because the drains are wrong. The vicar has two brothers. One is Bob, a rough, dissolute drainman, whose daughter the vicar and his wife have brought up in ignorance of her father's identity. The other is the Bishop of Benares, who has made a great name in the east. From both brothers the vicar has been long separated. The Bishop of Benares offers to restore the church on condition that another be found to help him. This other the vicar's wife hopes will be her brother, the worldly-minded Bishop of Lancashire, but it proves to be none other than the drainman. The Bishop of Benares enters the vicar's household in the guise of a butler. His eastern costume, his face and bearing, his name—Manson—and the wonderful influence he exerts on the demoralized and hopeless Bob and on all about him, clearly yet delicately suggest the presence of the Son of Man. He sends away the Bishop of Lancashire, in whom are personified the weaknesses of the church. And in the denouement Bob, who has revealed the true situation under the vicar's church—a cesspool under its foundation—is welcomed as a brother; he and his daughter are reunited; and he takes upon himself the work of cleaning up, in which the vicar resolves to help him, notwithstanding the sacrifice it demands, as pictured in Bob's description of what he found under the church:

Bob—Talk about corfins, an' shrouds, an' bones, an' dead men gone to rot, they wasn't in it, wot I saw dahn there; Madame Twosoes is a flea-bite to it! Lord! And the rats an' the stink, an' the bloomin' gravy thick up to your eyes—I never thought there could be such a lot o' muck an' dead things all in one place before. It was a fair treat, it was, I tek my oath! (Rapturously) Why, it may cost a man 'is life to deal with that little job.

Vicar—My God! The thing's impossible!

Bob—Impossible! Means a bit of wark, that's all.

* * * * * * * * *

Vicar—Yes, yes! I see! I see! (To Bob) Then—you mean to go?

Bob—By 'Eaven, yus!

Vicar—Then, by God and all the powers of grace, you shall not go alone! Off with these lies and make-believes! Off with these prisoner's shackles! They cramp, they stifle me! Freedom! Freedom! This is no priest's work—it calls for a man!

(He tears off his parson's coat and collar, casting them furiously aside. He rolls up his sleeves.)

Now, if you're ready, comrade; you and I together!

MR. HACKETT AS A SWORDSMAN.

The popular actor as he appears in the role of Rudolph Rassendyll in the duel scene in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Without seeing the play it is impossible to conceive its power; and any attempt to describe it must fall short of giving a true glimpse of its reverent symbolism, its pathos, and its concentrated appeal for brotherhood and against falsehood and formalism. And at the same time the play furnishes excellent dramatic entertainment, as it contains a finely conceived proportion of delightful comedy. This is another feature of "The Servant in the House" that cannot be understood without seeing, or, as might more properly be said, experiencing the wonderful drama.

The acting is as fine as the play. Walter Hampden as Manson invests the remarkable role with full spiritual power and dignity. Tyrone Power is nothing short of grand as Bob, the drainman. Edith Wynne Matthison, who has been called the greatest tragedienne of the day, lends importance to the part of the vicar's wife. Arthur Lewis, as the somewhat blind bishop; Frank Mills, as the vicar; Mabel Moore, as Mary; and Ben Field, as the page boy, all play up to the author's intent.

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MUSIC

WITH the centenary of Mendelssohn's birth has come a widespread revival of interest in his work. No composer enjoyed a greater mead of appreciation during his life than was lavished on this child of good fortune, and no one has ever suffered a greater posthumous neglect than he after once gaining recognition, but the tide is turning again, and he will from now on have his true place fixed. Because he was rich and happy, because he never knew but one great grief, the death of his sister, it was said that he failed to attain the position that his natural gifts should have won for him. All this may be true, and yet what composer has done more for the cause of music than he? As a boy of seventeen he wrote the "Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream," and to the same pen are due two of the greatest oratorios we have. To these must be added that most grateful of all violin concertos and the wonderful concert overtures that are to-day gracing the programmes of the leading orchestras of the world. Though he may have never known the storm and stress of life, he knew much of its "sweetness and light," and these his music has made glad many a careworn heart. What he did not do was not in his nature to do; what he did no one has exceeded.

* * *

FOR those who from any cause did not hear Lhevinne I am extremely sorry. Those who heard him have added another blessed memory to their book of life's joys. Plain prose is quite inadequate to express what one felt in listening to this wonder-worker, and I quite envy my confrere on The Mail and Empire his ability to put into words what all of us felt that night. I got quite as much pleasure reading his appreciation as I got while listening to the pianist.

None of us wanted to leave Massey Hall, even when we had had good measure pressed down and running over. As is usual in hearing an artist for the first time, one must be assured before he can give himself up to enjoy; but when the Busoni arrangement of Bach's "Chanconne" was over, we all leaned back and gave ourselves unreservedly into his keeping. And right royally did he serve us. He never gave us one hint that anything he did was aught but the most spontaneous outflow of an opulent nature, and we were unthinkingly insatiable. The more he gave the more we demanded, and the more pleased he seemed to be in giving.

I have never heard anyone play the Schumann "Carneval" as he played it. He fairly revelled in a kaleidoscope of rhythm, and I firmly believe that he owes most of his power to his sympathetic sense for rhythm. It was not in vain that his father began his musical education beating time on the kettle-drum, for this is the rock that all music and all art must be founded upon. So logical and natural was it all that he had our hearts and feet beating time with him. No wonder he swayed his audience at will. We were like the leaves of autumn before the wind. We who were there hope that he will soon come back, and when he does Massey Hall should be crowded to the doors.

A word in time: I hope no one will miss hearing another great artist, Mischa Elmen, when he comes. He is to be here in March with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and will probably play the Tschaikowski concerto. It is real philanthropy on the part of the committee to give us this opportunity during his first American season.

* * *

ONE week more and the musical event of the year, the annual cycle of concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir will be upon us. Never have the Choir and its leader worked more enthusiastically to excel their wonderful record. As the rehearsals have progressed the magnitude of Elgar's "Caractacus" has impressed them, and they feel that it will be the greatest achievement of their career. With the aid of the four most prominent soloists in America, each of whom has already won laurels in this great work, and the magnificent Theodore Thomas Orchestra, we may expect a performance worthy to rank with the "Choral Symphony" and the Brahm's "Requiem." The demand for seats this season has been enormous. It seems incredible that there should be so great an interest in choral work in a city of this size, but the figures prove it. Appeals are coming in from all over for seats, and from present indications another concert could be announced.

* * *

THE Schubert Choir and Mr. Fletcher are also striving mightily to plant their banner still higher. Both of their programmes are very interesting, and their friends will be well repaid this season. The opening number on the first programme is Wagner's inspiring "Kaiser's March," which the Pittsburg Orchestra has been featuring this season. Another fine number is Eaton Faning's "Liberty," a song of ancient Rome, describing the downfall of the Council of Ten. An interesting novelty will be the Schubert "Vocal Dances," which have never been given in America before. Schubert is well represented on both programmes, and Elgar has not been overlooked.

Last week Prof. Ramsay Wright, the honorary president of the Schubert Choir, gave a delightful evening at the Biological Building, when he gave a short but eloquent address on the patron composer, after which the choir sang "Who is Sylvia?" and other numbers from this season's programmes. It is a well deserved tribute to Mr. Fletcher and the work he is doing that so eminent an educationalist as Prof. Wright should take such an active interest in him and his work. Would that there were more like him.

* * *

ON the 20th inst. Toronto is to have the pleasure of hearing one of the world's greatest 'cellists, Mr. John Linden, who is spending a few weeks here with his friend, Mr. Tattersall, organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas' church. Mr. Linden and Mr. Tattersall have consented to appear at a concert for the benefit of Georgiana House, to be given in the Conservatory Hall. Mr. Linden was four years in Leipzig under Julius Stengel, Carl Reinecke and Arthur Nikisch, for three years played in the celebrated Gewandhaus Orchestra, under Nikisch, and for two years was a member of the Leipzig Opera House Orchestra. Since then he has made two tours of the world, finishing last autumn in London, where he was soloist at two concerts with the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Henry J. Wood. An effort is being made to keep Mr. Linden here for our own Symphony Orchestra, and those who have heard him play hope that it will be successful.

Mr. Tattersall, in addition to playing with Mr. Linden, will play organ and piano solos, and Mrs. Graham-Killer, dramatic soprano, will make her debut.

* * *

The production of Haydn's beautiful "Creation" by the Toronto Oratorio Society, under Mr. J. M. Sherlock, will take place in Massey Hall on Thursday, March 11. If enthusiasm and careful training count for anything, this year's performance will undoubtedly surpass all the previous work of the Society. The chorus is one of the largest in the city, and among its most enthusiastic members not a few of the leading vocalists are found; indeed, should it be necessary, a half dozen professional vocalists might be called from the chorus to sing the solo parts. The soloists, however, will, as usual, be eminent singers from abroad, and the orchestra of fifty performers will be composed entirely of Toronto musicians. Altogether the concert will be one of the most notable of the season.

* * *

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp presented one of his most talented pupils in recital on the 23rd of January in Conservatory Music Hall—Miss Gertrude Thompson—who had the assistance of Miss Nan Houston, a pupil of Mr. Howard Massey Frederick, and Miss Della White, a pupil of Dr. Broome. Like all of Mr. Tripp's pupils, Miss Thompson has fine, fluent technique, and in a long and exacting programme acquitted herself with great credit. Both of the singers also made excellent impressions.

* * *

The following Saturday, Mr. F. H. Burt, of the Conservatory staff, gave a song recital in the Hall. He sang an aria by Mozart and one by Gounod, songs by Mendelssohn, MacDowell, Meyer-Helmund, Schubert, Lassen, Alfitsen and Handel. He has a sonorous voice which carries well, but at times it is placed so far back that it gives one the feeling that it is off key. This is such a common fault with singers that some think it cannot be overcome or is due to imperfect hearing. But it can be overcome, and I am sure that so intelligent a singer as Mr. Burt needs only a hint to rid himself of a fault he would condemn and eradicate in the case of a pupil. Mrs. Francis Coombs gave him excellent support at the piano. Miss Ada J. F. Twohy was the assisting artiste, and demonstrated that she has turned to good account the training she has had under the same master who has made the Mendelssohn Choir the choral standard for this continent. She was very effective in the Liszt transcription of the "Tannhauser March." She is an excellent example of the good pedagogical work done here in Toronto.

* * *

Miss Mae Dickenson has been engaged to sing for the Dickens Fellowship Club, also at the Home for Incurables concert. She is filling engagements in Brantford, Chesterfield, and Innerkip this week.

* * *

To-night (Saturday) Toronto's most popular baritone, Mr. Arthur Blight, gives his annual recital in Conservatory Hall, assisted by Miss Caldwell. Mr. Blight has always prepared some interesting novelty, and this year has a charming cycle by Frederick Knight Logan, entitled "In a Brahmin Garden." When Mr. Logan was here earlier in the season he gave the work to Mr. Blight to produce. Miss Caldwell is always worth listening to, and this season is in especially good form. Mr. Blight has such a wide circle of friends and admirers that he is sure of a large audience.

* * *

Mr. George Ziegler, for several seasons past a piano pupil of Dr. Vogt and an organ pupil of Mr. G. D. Atkinson, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Berlin, Ont. The church is the largest German church in Canada, and the appointment is considered very important. Besides the regular mixed choir there are three additional choirs in comection with the church—a maennerchor, a knabenchor and a girls' choir, and all take an active part in the church services.

* * *

I have just received a very interesting budget of news from Regina, Sask., which I am pleased to get, as I am striving to make this page of interest and service to musicians throughout the Dominion. Mr. J. Edward Fisher, organist of the Metropolitan church, Regina, gave a choir concert to celebrate the Mendelssohn centenary, for which a fine programme was prepared. Mr. Fisher played the "First Sonata" and Nos. 14 and 30 of "The Songs without Words," and the choir and soloists gave excerpts from the oratorios, and the 95th Psalm. Mr. Frederick Phillips, of St. Louis, sang arias from "Elijah" and "St. Paul." Mr. Fisher's choir was one that gained unstinted praise from Sir Frederick Bridge for beautiful voices and excellence of training.

* * *

Next week those who have to miss the Mendelssohn concerts should console themselves by going to the Princess and seeing and hearing Miss Connie Ediss in "The Girl Behind the Counter." Nothing but a fabulous salary could have tempted her away from London, where she has held an undisputed sway for some time. Mr. Lew Fields, formerly of Weber and Fields, is the star of the organization, but he is wise enough to make a great deal of the fact that Miss Ediss is with his company. Their New York season was very successful and "the road" has been most appreciative.

CONNIE EDISS
The noted English comedienne with Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter," the attraction for the early part of next week at the Princess.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon's twilight recital will be given this afternoon as usual. Last Saturday's programme was the most popular yet given and the lovers of organ music are increasing in numbers, judging from the gain in attendance at each succeeding recital.

* * *

Mme. Jomelli, the dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has been engaged by Mr. Fletcher for the advanced choir of the People's Choral Union, for the annual concert. Mme. Jomelli has been in great demand for concerts this season, her most recent important engagement being with Damrosch for the Mendelssohn memorial in New York. In addition to her fame as a singer she has been accorded the first place among the beauties of the stage.

MELOS.

* * *

On Friday evening, the 29th ult., a most interesting violin recital was given in the Conservatory Music Hall by Mr. Goe Caplen, one of Mr. Frank E. Blachford's most promising pupils. The audience though not large, owing to the inclemency of the weather, was not slow to show appreciation of the undoubted talent of which Mr. Caplen showed himself to be possessed. The Mendelssohn "Concerto" was especially worthy of mention as in it was displayed not only a neat left hand technique, and excellent virile bowing, but also a grasp of the work quite remarkable in so young a player. Mr. Blachford may well be proud of this talented pupil of whom we shall no doubt hear favorably in the future. Others taking part were: Miss Irene Gillis, vocal, pupil of Miss Mary H. Smart, and Miss Marion Bilton, piano, pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp.

* * *

Paderewski, who appears in Toronto, at Massey Hall, February 25, has brought to America the score of his symphony which has been looked forward to with interest for the last two years. It is his first work in this form. The first performance of the symphony anywhere will be given in Boston on Friday, February 12. The following week it will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in several cities.

The symphony is written as a patriotic tribute to his native country directly inspired by the fortieth anniversary of the Revolution of 1863-64. There is no absolute programme for either the first or second movement. The first movement is free, but classical in form and seeks to celebrate Poland's great heroic past. The themes, although racial in character, are not based on popular melodies. The same is true of the second (slow) movement in which the composer tries to express the lyric nature of his race. In the third movement Mr. Paderewski has followed a sharply defined programme. It is in effect a symphonic poem and is peculiarly a memorial to the Revolution of 1863-64.

* * *

The plan for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts opens to the public on Friday morning at 9 a.m. at Massey Hall. In view of the very large demand for seats the committee have engaged the Theodore Thomas Orchestra for an additional concert with the choir on Thursday, February 11. For this concert the usual prices will prevail, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. A most brilliant programme has been arranged comprising some of the finest numbers in the repertoire of both organizations and will in every respect equal the other concerts of the series. Those who have been disappointed in securing seats for the other concerts will now have an opportunity to secure good seats for Thursday. There are a number of excellent seats still available for the Saturday concert, when Miss Augusta Cottlow, pianist, will be the assisting artist.

He—And you won't go with me? She—No, I don't like your style. He—Pooh! You're as full of airs as a street piano. She—Maybe, but I don't go with a crank.—Cleveland Leader.

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Mar. 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
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Tickets will be on sale for
Thursday Evening, Feb. 11th.
concert, Theodore Thomas Orchestra and Mendelssohn Choir.
Saturday Evening, Feb. 13th.
Mendelssohn Choir, assisted by Miss A. Cottlow, pianist.
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ANECDOTAL

HARRY FURNISS tells a somewhat startling story of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, a well known figure in Bohemian society in London some thirty years ago. Wingfield was a man of a particularly morbid turn of mind and made quite a friend of Marwood, who was at that time the official hangman. He once invited this interested character to take dinner with him at Powerscourt, his beautiful Dublin estate; and as Wingfield was anxious that his domestics should not discover who his guest was, the conversation did not turn, during dinner, on criminals or hanging. His butler was an old and valued servant, and when he was in the room Wingfield was careful to refer only to general topics and avoid the one which he and his guest had met to discuss. But to the host's horror, the hangman kept looking at his watch, and once or twice, when the butler was in the room, he would say:

"Ah, they're giving it to them now. Yes, yes; it's about time now it was over."

Wingfield was on pins and needles lest his guest should, in his excitement, disclose the names of the poor victims. As soon as they were alone, he said:

"Who are they? I didn't know there was an execution on to-day."

"Well, I should think not—or I wouldn't be here."

"But they're criminals of some kind—flogging, eh?"

"Flogging! Criminals! Bless you, no, sir. I was looking at my watch 'ere to time the presentation of prizes at my girls' school. To-day one takes a fust prize and the other a second!"

* * *

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, author of "The Courage of Captain Plum," the stirring novel of the old Mormon kingdom which once flourished in Michigan, tells a most amusing story of his first "literary check." Mr. Curwood frankly admits that he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and that for two years he trapped fur animals that he might have money with which to go to the University of Michigan.

"It was my second year," says Mr. Curwood, "and my funds were at an alarming ebb. It was also pay-day at the boarding house. Upon going to my room I found a letter awaiting me, and in it was a check for $10 from *The Gray Goose*—my first check for a magazine story. In that hour I rose like a balloon into the topmost heavens. My future was assured! I had sold a story to *The Gray Goose!* And I could feed myself on it for two weeks!

"I started down town for the cash. Just then some kind spirit whispered in my ear: 'Why not double it? Why not bet it on to-day's big football game?'

"I did. I wagered that the visiting eleven *would not win.* Then I went into a panic. What if I should lose? In an instant I saw my fortune wiped away. I saw visions of my boarding-house keeper in her most terrifying aspect. I saw—but how could I save myself? An inspiration came to me. I would make another wager—and I did. I wagered that the home team *would not win.* I was saved, and again I experienced the sensations of the millionaire. That day's game was a fierce one. I had squandered one of my last half-dollars to see it, and when it was all over I still sat in my seat, stunned, and yet the happiest man in all that crowd.

"For the game was a tie.

"Neither team had won—but I had won at both ends, and was worth thirty dollars instead of ten!

"I have always remembered that check with deep gratitude."

* * *

DURING the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating degree, and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek-appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Oi did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason did he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself," Pat answered and upset the court.

HERE is a tale of modern childhood:

Little Harriet had broken the lid of the box in which her blocks had come. Calling her to account for it, her mother said:

"How did the box lid get broken?"

"I satted down on it when I wasn't lookin'."

"Oh, then, you didn't mean to do it?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then mother will excuse you this time."

"Muver can save herself the bovver of 'scusing me," replied Harriet, "I'll 'scuse myself if I need 'scusing. That's my own play-toy I broked."

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN Brooklyn physician was examining a class of nurses who had served their appointed time in the hospital. The candidates filed past him, and to each he addressed a question calculated to show the nurse's efficiency. In one of the questions he described the condition of a patient and asked the nurse how much morphine, in her opinion, should be administered to the sufferer.

"Eight grains," promptly replied the nurse.

The doctor made no comment, and she passed on. When her turn came again she appeared greatly confused, and said to the examiner: "Doctor, I wish to correct the answer I made last time. I meant to say that one-eighth of a grain should be given to the patient."

"Too late," remarked Dr. Matheson, without looking up from his question paper. "The man's dead."

* * *

"THE superior intelligence of Boston continues to excite the envy of her sister cities," recently observed a prominent Bostonian, "and I propose to add fuel to the flame by citing the newest instance thereof.

"A little boy in the Back Bay district, at whose house occur many meetings of a certain literary club, was asked not long ago by a returned Bostonian what had become of a family named Deering.

"'The Deerings?' said the boy. 'Oh, they're not asked here any more. They're no longer on mother's list.'

"'No longer on the list? What's the matter?'

"'Why, haven't you heard? Drusilla Deering sent a sonnet to The Atlantic that contained twenty lines!'"

* * *

ARTHUR, aged four, and Louise, aged two and a half, were disputing over a string which Louise claimed. All threats and force on Arthur's part were useless; she would not give up. After a moment he used guile.

"Wees," he said, "will you be my little wifie?"

"Ess," she coyly answered.

"Then give me the string," he commanded.

And she gave it without a murmur.

* * *

A REVIEWER for a metropolitan magazine was one day speaking to a friend of the fundamental principles of the useful art of skipping when reading the "best sellers"; whereupon the friend asked for particulars.

"Well," said the reviewer, "when I meet with a paragraph which begins, 'It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain,' or, 'The blood-red sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange, purple tints fading and dissolving into——' or, 'But the contents of this room, his sanctum sanctorum, deserve more detailed description'; or, 'O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race'—when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel that begins thus, then, old man, I skip like the deuce."

DURING the life of the late Duke of Devonshire, King Edward VII. paid occasional visits to Chatsworth, the Derbyshire country seat of the Duke. On one of these visits the King suffered from a slight cold, and the local physician, a man of excellent reputation and considerable skill, was called in. It was the pleasure of the King that the doctor should dine with him every evening during his visit. Sometimes full-dress trousers were worn by the King's party and sometimes knee-breeches, so each afternoon, before dressing, the doctor telephoned to Chatsworth to inquire the proper dress for the coming evening—trousers or knee-breeches. One afternoon the reply from Chatsworth was to the effect that the form of dress for that evening was uncertain, but that immediate inquiry would be made and the doctor promptly advised. Time went on and no telephone message. The doctor grew somewhat uneasy, but prepared himself as far as he could until his toilet was complete with the exception of his trousers. At this critical juncture the telephone rang, and the maid was requested to answer the call. A moment later there was a tap at his door.

"If you please, sir, you 'ad better go to the telephone."

"Why, what is it, Mary?"

"If you please, sir, I—I—I'd rather not tell you, sir."

"Come, come, Mary, don't be stupid; I'm in a hurry; you must tell me at once."

"Well, sir, if you must know, the party at the hother hend said, *'No trousers this evening!'*"

* * *

LAST year, just after his graduation at a northern university, a handsome Bostonian, who had procured the undying adoration of the institution by reason of his athletic achievements, astonished every one by announcing his engagement to a young woman of no perceptible charms.

"Look here, Bill," said his nearest friend, with painful frankness, "I want you to tell me the truth. Are you marrying this person for her coin?"

"I am an amateur athlete," was the response.

"What the deuce has that to do with it?" demanded the astonished friend.

"As such," explained the amateur, "I am of course debarred from any event for money."

* * *

A HOUSEWIFE who was having considerable trouble in securing a satisfactory maid, in the spirit of desperation fell to and cleaned her neglected house from top to bottom. Her husband, upon returning home in the evening, found his wife exhausted and weary.

"Why, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"I've cleaned every room in this house. I've done everything but get down and scrub the floors, and I won't do that." Then she added, "But maybe if I get tipsy, the floors will come up to me."

* * *

SOME of the stories told in Toronto and elsewhere in Canada this winter of those in the ranks of the unemployed whose sensibilities are more in evidence than their sense, and of others who are more earnest in protestation than in effort, remind one of the following yarn:

In the Adirondacks lives a man too lazy to work, but evidently of great business ability. One winter, when he was sitting around smoking, his family came so near starvation that some of his neighbors, who could ill afford to help him, took up a collection and bought for the suffering family a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork, and a load of wood. They were not considerate enough to cut the wood, but the business man knew how to manage. He hired some of the neighbors, who had not contributed to his donation, to cut the wood, and paid them with half the pork and half the flour.

* * *

A SURGEON in a certain small town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anæsthetic.

"Sure," replied the other; "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. BONGARD, of Tyndall avenue, has purchased Mr. Langmuir's house in Parkdale, and is having it done over and remodelled in modern style.

Mrs. Albert Austin went down to New York last week to meet Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, who is paying a flying visit to Toronto on business concerning the sale of Ravenswood to Mr. John C. Eaton.

Mr. Wheeldon's organ recitals at four o'clock on Saturday afternoons are growing to be the pleasure and privilege they should to hundreds of music lovers, and many a tired business man or woman looks forward to the twilight hour in the Metropolitan with keen appreciation. The days are growing so long that the dim religious light of last month is almost a memory, but each week's programme of new, old, lovely music is not losing but gaining in beauty and interest. One of Mr. Wheeldon's own compositions, an Oriental sketch, was a distinctly enjoyed number last Saturday, and another selection, arranged by the organist to introduce the chimes, was delicate and gracious.

The Strollers had a fine programme last Saturday when Mrs. Mackelcan sang four or five songs. Though her grand voice had not sufficient room in the low-ceiled, pillared studio, where the Strollers love to gather. Mrs. Faulds, a capital pianist, played several times. The usual excellent tea was served to many pleasant groups of friends. Miss Edwardes is a most popular secretary, and the Strollers much appreciate her. I hear a play is to be performed by some of the members in the Studio shortly, and that the Pantomime Rehearsal is the one fixed upon, the name recalling poor dear Rosina Vokes and her clever company, who played it in the Grand years and years ago.

Colonel Septimus Denison and the Garrison Players are getting up a play to enter for the Governor-General's competition, which takes place in April. They have chosen "Caste," a very popular and sterling comedy, and Miss Carrie Crerar is to play the leading role. Mr. Sauter will attend to the stage management, and the Colonel has good hopes of landing the trophy with a thoroughly well-staged and acted production.

There is to be a large *bal masque* at Llawhaden shortly for a charitable object, for which the Daughters of Strathcona Chapter and their Regent are sure to reap a rich harvest. The date is February 17.

Miss Edith Cochrane has a welcome visitor from Montreal, Miss Hodgson, for whom she is giving a tea this afternoon at her home, 15 Maple avenue.

The Toronto girls who have been enjoying a gay fortnight in Ottawa, are returning home with great praise of the Capital and its hospitalities. Everyone has had guests in their Ottawa homes, and any number of teas, luncheons, dinners, and parties of all sorts have had the pretty girls from the Queen City as guests of honor.

Mrs. W. G. Haynes, 89 Bernard avenue, gave a successful Library tea on Wednesday, for her young daughter, Reta's not-out friends. The Library tea exacts a good deal of ingenuity and cleverness from the guests, who each dress to represent the title of some chosen book. When all are assembled, blank catalogues are provided, and each guest fills them in to the best of her ability. The one nearest correct in naming the various books gains the prize. Some forty or fifty girls attended the tea on Wednesday and those assisting in the tea room, where a pretty decoration of daffodils brightened the table, were Mrs. Snider, who poured tea; the Misses Heighington, Miss Edna Trent, Miss Madge McConnell, Miss Ruth Robertson, and Miss Blanche Walker. Mrs. Haynes wore a gown of pearl grey filet net, and Miss Rita was in pale blue mull trimmed with blue lace.

Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson celebrated a double anniversary, that of her twentieth wedding day, and also of her birth on Monday, February 1, and numbers of her friends assembled at the tea hour to congratulate her and offer best wishes to her and her husband for the happy celebration of the next milestone in married life five years hence, which will be their silver wedding. Mrs. Gibson, who looked very dainty in a smart white gown, was assisted by her elder and younger sisters, Mrs. John Wright and Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston, the former presiding at the tea tray, while her pretty daughter-in-law elect, Miss Phyllis, of Queen's Park, was *vis a vis*, and poured coffee. The table was lit with unshaded candles in silver candelabras, and centered by a huge bowl of pink roses, lily of the valley and violets, the same flowers being used decoratively in the drawing room, and bouquets of violets being worn by the girls who waited on the guests, Miss Phyllis Moffatt, Miss Marion Gibson and one or two other not-outs, with a careful and courtly assistant in Mr. Alec. Gibson. It was not a crush tea, and quite informal, with corresponding comfort, to the guests, who had an added treat in Mrs. Mackelcan's singing, which is always so much appreciated. Mazial's "My Love Is Come," with its allusion to the birthday in the heart, was one of the songs by request of the hostess. A few of the guests were Mrs. A. Gibson, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, the Misses Foy, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Ogden, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Captain and Mrs. Layborne, Mrs. Woodruff, of St. Catharines, who is visiting them; Dr. Lang, Colonel Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Bongard, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Sauter, Mr. Finucane, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. George Irving, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Anglin, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Miss Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Mrs. W. Ince, Colonel and Miss Mason, Mrs. Tom Clark, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. J. J. Dickson, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Le Mesurier, Mrs. Anderson, and several others.

Toronto friends of Herr Rudolf Ruth will be glad to hear that by a clever discovery of a process in connection with colored photography he has made his fortune. Herr Ruth has been teaching a large number of music pupils in New York for some years, and in leisure moments working out his discovery, which was recently perfected, and the inventor having patented his process went to Berlin, where he sold the patent for a million marks, about two hundred and forty thousand dollars, with a royalty of ten per cent. Mrs. Ruth, who had remained with relatives in New York, sails today by the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria to rejoin her husband, and they will take up house in Berlin. The pupils of Herr Ruth in New York have found another former Torontonian under whom to continue their studies, Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli. Heinrich Klingenfelt, Harry Field and Rudolf Ruth, it will be remembered, once formed the Beethoven trio, and gave us exquisite recitals.

Mrs. Vincent Greene is *en pension* until spring at Mrs. Billings's, 194 Bloor street west.

Miss Gzowski and Mr. Ogilvie, the bride and groom of yesterday, have been the recipients of the most sumptuous gifts from friends in Montreal, where the groom's family are prominent and wealthy. Two large cabinets, one containing a silver tea, coffee and cake service of beautifully engraved design, the other a very complete service of table silver, came from the East, as well as a very large silver tea tray, from the staff of Mr. Ogilvie, Sr. One of the most beautiful gifts is a writing set of mother-of-pearl, with candlesticks, blotter and all sorts of necessary fittings for a dainty desk. It is from Judge Morgan and his family, one of whom will be closely connected by marriage with the bride.

Very fine audiences "went to the devil" last week. On Thursday evening the boxes were filled with smart men and women, and the house looked very well. A few of those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Miss Morrison, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Beardmore, of Chudleigh; Major and Mrs. Elmsley, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mr. Case, Mr. Allan Case, Mr. Stuart Greer, Lady Mulock, Miss Falconbridge, the Consul for France and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, and scores of other well-known people.

Monsieur and Madame Balbaud entertained at dinner on Saturday evening at their pretty flat in the Traders Bank Building. The guests were all sufficiently at home in *la belle langue* to enjoy the bright conversation in which French people excel.

Mrs. Macpherson, nee Sloane, of Bathurst street, gave a bridge and tea yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Hagarty's tea, postponed to last Thursday in respect to the memory of the late Primate, took place with much success.

Several entertainments, such as are possible to players with a week's engagement on their hands, have been given for Mrs. Edith Wynne Matheson, by her many Toronto admirers.

Very enthusiastic and much impressed audiences have enjoyed the perfect acting of the company which is presenting "The Servant in the House" this week at the Princess. On Tuesday night some of those at the theatre were Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Violet Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vickers, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, the Misses Crowther, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Tudhope, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Carlyle, Miss Tully. Miss Edith Wynne Matheson looked lovely in her white and pale grey gowns, and the clear enunciation of every syllable made her speech, as always, a delight. Her little foster-child Mary, also spoke in a most beautifully clear voice. There was a perfect snow drift of damp handkerchiefs and men and women shed tears with no pretence of hiding their emotion.

Mrs. A. R. Clarke, of Isabella street, gave a bridge of nine tables on Tuesday afternoon, at which the prizes were exceptionally pretty and welcome.

Mrs. George Ridout's tea occurred on such a stormy afternoon last week as to test the quality of her friends' esteem, and it stood the test nobly, for a large number arrived at the conventional hour, and enjoyed the tea greatly. Mrs. Ridout in a black and white gown, was assisted in receiving her guests by her two daughters, who were daintily gowned in light frocks. Mrs. Gus Foy and Miss Ridout presided at the tea table, and a not-out daughter with a pretty little daughter of Professor Van der Smissen, helped to wait on the guests.

Mrs. George P. Reid gave a bridge on Tuesday and also asked a few guests for tea afterwards. The three daughters of the house assisted in the tea room, where a shining mahogany table was spread with dainty lace doyleys and made beautiful with daffodils in vases, and where all sorts of delicious home-made goodies were served. A few of the guests were Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mrs. Stikeman, Mrs. Dr. W. Alexander, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, who presided over the coffee urn; Mrs. G. Harman, who poured tea; Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Cox, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Suydam, Mrs. Denison, of Heydon Villa; Mrs. J. F. Davidson, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Le Mesurier, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Crease, Mrs. Hay, and many others.

Miss Kathleen Gordon is on her way home from the West Indies.

Miss Aileen Sinclair went to Europe with Mrs. and Miss Matheson. They will be in Paris for Easter. Miss Sinclair's trip was one of those sudden, happy thoughts which generally prove twice as enjoyable as more premeditated moves.

Mrs. James G. Worts (nee Davies) held her post-nuptial reception on Monday, when she wore her wedding dress of white satin, and carried orchids and violets. Her mother, Mrs. Robert Davies, assisted in receiving the visitors, and a group of pretty young matrons and girls were in charge of the tea room. The tea table was decorated with orchids and violets, and a profusion of flowers added to the charm of the very pretty home.

Mr. Walter Beardmore is spending some time at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beardmore and their fine little son have been for the past week at Chudleigh, and various little festivities have been the brighter for lovely Mrs. Beardmore's presence.

The very sudden death of Mrs. George Taylor in Ottawa gave her Toronto relatives and friends a sad shock. On her visits to Toronto, Mrs. Taylor's bright and clever personality has always been warmly welcomed.

REA'S STORE FOR WOMEN

ABOUT FASHIONS NEW

Rea's store for women is an enchanting rendezvous these preparatory days. The new season's garments are arriving every day—garments delineating all the new fashion tendencies of the new season. From them, together with our intimate knowledge of coming styles, we glean the distinguishing new features and tell you of them.

The fascinating, charming styles of the Empire and Directorate periods form the foundation of the styles, with simplicity the keynote—an elusive, baffling simplicity difficult of attainment.

If you would be correctly gowned you must achieve the long graceful line which makes or mars—adds inches and detracts pounds or has the opposite effect.

Three-piece suits are in the foreground—coats of about knee length, square back models slightly fitted to give a pleasing effect; some show Consulat collars, many are collarless and below the closing—just one or two fastenings—the fronts are cutaway. Gowns for these suits are modelled on tailored lines of the Princess order. Individual fancy dictates the ornamentation always with a care not to interfere with the long line.

In two-piece suits, coats follow much the same styles and skirts are of the four-piece or circular variety with left side panel trimming as favorite adornment.

As to colors taupe seems almost to lead, black is favored, then come the many shades of purple—the new Marjelaine, wistaria and plum; in greens, sage, reseda and laurel. Deep rose and wine shades are much in evidence and in blues a new tone—Bosphore, a sort of Copenhagen; peacock, dull and antique blues. Some charming stripes make distinguished suits too.

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If you feel that "Grippe" feeling coming on don't wait "to see." Come right to Cook's Turkish Baths and stop it by nature's own process—perspiration.

You can come in here after office hours, have a pleasant, exhilarating Turkish Bath, a dainty supper, leave early for home, or stay all night, waking up the next morning feeling a new man.

Try it once, you will always cure your colds and Grippe at Cook's.

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THE VERY BEST ROGERS COAL. THERE'S ONE PRICE THAT'S EQUAL TO THE BEST TORONTO

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535 College St. 21 Bloor Ave.
546 Brunswick Ave. 419 Parliament St.
Esplanade E. Near Church St.
Esplanade E. Foot of Church St.
Bathurst St. Opposite Front St.
Pape Ave. At G.T.R. Crossing
Yonge St. At C.P.R. Crossing
Lansdowne Ave. Near Dundas St.
Cor. Blackthorn Ave. and Bloor St.
24 Dundas W., Toronto Junction

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

Report of Proceedings of the Twenty-Seventh Annual General Meeting

The Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation was held in the Board Room of the Corporation, on the corner of Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 3rd of February, 1909.

There were present: Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., M.P.P.; Hon. Senator Jaffray, Hamilton Cassels, K.C., Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, Kt., K.C., W. D. Matthews, B. E. Walker, S. Nordheimer, Thos. Long, Geo. Porter, Frederick Wyld, J. Bruce Macdonald, Sir Aemilius Irving, K.C., LL.D., John L. Blaikie, Hon. S. C. Wood, Peter Freyseng, E. Galley, Fred. C. Jarvis, J. G. Scott, K.C., Alex. Nairn, Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., J. W. Langmuir, W. B. Couch, W. R. Brock, A. L. Malone, W. Ince, John Paton, H. J. Wright, F. R. Dymond, A. Brunning, A. D. Langmuir, W. G. Watson, Alexander Smith.

The President, Dr. Hoskin, took the chair, and Mr. A. D. Langmuir, the Assistant Manager, acted as Secretary to the meeting.

The financial statements showing the operations of the Corporation for the year ended 31st December, 1908, were submitted and commented upon by the Managing Director, Mr. J. W. Langmuir.

The report to the Shareholders was then read as follows:

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

To the Shareholders:

Your Directors have pleasure in submitting the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Corporation, together with the usual Financial Statements, showing the operations of the Corporation, and the results of the same for the year ended 31st December, 1908.

Business has been accepted by the Corporation during the past year to the amount of $3,312,171.00, as follows:

Executorships	$997,553 52
Administrations	432,360 57
Trusteeships	983,922 46
Guardianships and Committeeships	37,670 68
Agencies	245,616 91
Guaranteed Investments	332,338 32
General Investment Agencies	82,503 85
Lunatic Estates, Receiverships, etc	147,305 89
	$3,312,171 00

The Corporation has also been appointed during the year as Trustee for the issue of bonds for a very considerable amount, as well as to the position of Registrar, Transfer Agent and other capacities not included in the above summary.

The gross profits derived from the operation of the various branches of the Corporation's business are plainly set out in the Profit and Loss Statement herewith submitted, amounting to $275,150.69, as compared with $262,726.55 in the previous year, or an increase of $12,424.15. After deducting the entire cost of the management at Head Office, and the Winnipeg and Ottawa Branches, the net amount at credit of Profit and Loss, including the balance brought forward, is $153,350.66, as compared with $135,868.78 last year. Out of this amount your Directors have declared and paid two semi-annual dividends, at the rate of seven and one-half (7½) per cent. per annum, amounting to $75,000; have entirely written off the amount at the debit of office furniture and vault fixtures, amounting to $5,933.50; have placed $50,000 to Reserve Account, bringing that fund up to $450,000, and have carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss the sum of $22,417.16.

Your Board appointed Sir William Mortimer Clark, K. C., to the Directorate, in the stead of Mr. Albert E. Gooderham, who resigned therefrom owing to great press of work and inability to attend the meetings of the Board; otherwise the personnel of the Board remains the same as at the beginning of the year.

All which is respectfully submitted.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director. JOHN HOSKIN, President.

Toronto, February 3, 1909.

PROFIT AND LOSS
Year Ended 31st December, 1908

Dr.		Cr.	
To salaries, rents, Provincial tax and all office expenses at Toronto, Ottawa and Winnipeg	$110,428 44	By balance brought forward from December 31st, 1907	$ 25,868 78
To fees paid President, Vice-Presidents and Directors, Advisory Boards and Inspection Committees	12,014 00	Less amount voted by Shareholders to Auditors for the year ended December 31st, 1907	3,700 00
To Commission paid on Court, Capital and Guaranteed loans and expenses for superintendence of real estate and collection of rents	16,576 27		$ 22,168 78
To allowance to Auditors at Toronto, Ottawa and Winnipeg	3,950 00	By commission earned for management of estates, collection of revenues, etc.	122,938 09
To net profits for year	$131,181 88	By interest earned on capital stock and reserve, including arrears of interest recovered and profits on guaranteed and court funds	129,224 10
To balance at credit of profit and loss January 1st, 1908	22,168 78	By net rents from office buildings and safe deposit vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	22,969 50
	$153,350 66		$297,319 47
To balance carried down	$153,350 66	By balance brought down	$153,350 66
To Dividends Nos. 83 and 84	75,000 00		
To balance at debit of Safe Deposit Vaults and office furniture written off	5,933 50		
To amount carried to Reserve Fund	50,000 00		
To balance carried forward	22,417 16		
	$153,350 66		$153,350 66

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES STATEMENT.
Year Ended 31st December, 1908.

ASSETS.

CAPITAL ACCOUNT—		
Mortgages on Real Estate	$ 960,467 72	
Bonds and Debentures	142,261 87	
Cash on Stocks and Bonds	47,518 88	
Real Estate—		
Office premises and safe deposit vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	325,000 00	
Accrued rents for office premises and vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	4,385 22	
Sundry Assets	5,380 88	
Cash on hand and in Banks	102,065 20	$ 1,586,580 27
TRUST GUARANTEE AND AGENCY ACCOUNTS—		
Mortgages on Real Estate	$12,486,769 65	
Government and Municipal Debentures	3,811,653 51	
Loan Company's Debentures	13,900 00	
Stocks and Bonds	422,882 72	
Loans on Stocks, Bonds and Debentures	237,252 20	
Sundry Assets	550 37	
Cash on hand and in Banks	828,316 74	$17,796,897 15
TRUST ESTATES AND AGENCIES—		
Unrealized original assets, including Real Estate, Mortgages, Debentures, Stocks and Bonds, etc., at inventory value		16,889,169 37
		$35,101,646 79

LIABILITIES.

CAPITAL ACCOUNT—		
Capital Stock fully paid	$ 1,000,000 00	
Reserve Fund	450,000 00	
Dividend No. 84	37,500 00	
Profit and Loss	22,417 16	
Interest in Reserve	16,349 89	
Balance of Auditors' Allowance	312 22	$ 1,526,580 27
TRUST GUARANTEE AND AGENCY FUNDS—		
For investment or distribution	$17,796,897 15	$17,796,897 15
TRUST ESTATES AND AGENCIES—		
Inventory value of unrealized original assets of Estates and Agencies under administration by Corporation		16,889,169 37
		$35,101,646 79

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, beg to report that we have made a full examination of the books, accounts and vouchers of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation to the 31st December, 1908, and find same to be correct and properly set forth in the above statements of Profit and Loss and Assets and Liabilities. We have examined and find in order all the mortgages, debentures, bonds and scrip of the Corporation, as well as those negotiated for the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario, and Trusts, Estates and Agencies in the Corporation's hands, and have checked same with the Mortgage and Debenture Ledgers and Registers. The Bankers' balances, after deducting outstanding cheques, agree with the books of the Corporation.

We have also examined the reports of the Auditors of the Winnipeg and Ottawa Branches, and find that they agree with the Head Office books.

R. F. SPENCE, F.C.A., "CAN."
GEO. MACBETH,
Auditors.

Toronto, January 29th, 1909.

MANAGING DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS.

The Managing Director, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, in presenting the voluminous statements showing the operations of the Corporation during the past year, said:—I feel confident that the results of the year's work as set out in the statements which I have just read will be accepted by the Shareholders as satisfactory. The Profit and Loss Statement so plainly sets out the operations of the Corporation during the year that I need not take up your time in commenting on the various sources of revenue as given in that statement. Suffice it to say that the gross profits of the year amount to $275,150.69, and after paying the entire expenses of the management of the business at Head Office, and the Ottawa and Winnipeg Branches, the net profits amount to $131,181.88, to which has to be added $22,168.78, brought forward from last year, making the total amount at credit of Profit and Loss $153,350.66. Out of these profits your Directors have paid the Shareholders a seven and one-half (7½) per cent. dividend for the year, amounting to $75,000; have written off $5,933.50 from vault equipment and office furniture, being balance at debit of this account; have placed $50,000 to Reserve Account (increasing that fund to $450,000), and have carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account $22,417.16.

Included in our Capital and Reserve funds are our buildings at Toronto and Ottawa. The former is taken in at $150,000, including vaults, vault fixtures and safe deposit boxes, which alone cost over $60,000. The Ottawa building, which stands at $175,000, is situated in the very best part of that city, and, as some of you may know, is one of the finest buildings on Sparks street. The net rents from these buildings, including a very moderate charge for our own occupation, and also including the rents received from the safe deposit vaults, amount to $22,988.50, being equivalent to a return of a fraction over seven (7) per cent. on the $325,000, at which amount our buildings stand on our books. You will, therefore, see that this portion of our $1,450,000 of Capital and Reserve is well and permanently invested. I think that these buildings, at a very conservative valuation, and having regard to the net rents received, are worth somewhat over $400,000, and even if increased to that amount would yield a return of nearly 5¾ per cent., thereby increasing our Reserve Fund to over half a million dollars, instead of $450,000. You will also observe that, in addition to the $325,000 of our capital so well invested in real estate, we have over $900,000 invested in mortgages on real estate, all of which have been carefully selected.

Regarding the dividend that we pay, I am frequently asked why it is that it is fixed at seven and a fraction, instead of an even amount. The Shareholders are, perhaps, not aware that when we amalgamated with the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, the Act of Amalgamation restricted us to the payment of a dividend not exceeding 7½ per cent. until the Reserve Fund reached the sum of $750,000. No such provision exists in the charters of any other trust company in Ontario; nor is it provided for in the general Act respecting trust companies; nor, indeed, in any joint stock company of which I am aware. If such a law is necessary in the working of trust companies it should have been incorporated in the general Act and made applicable to all companies, but as this was not done it is obviously unfair to trust corporation that it should be bound by this provision. Application has, therefore, been made by petition for the issue of Supplementary Letters Patent with a view to placing this Corporation on the same footing as all other trust companies in respect to the payment of dividends.

Another question that is frequently asked—chiefly by investors in the stock of the Corporation, and Shareholders in banks—is: Why is it, with the enormous mass of business under the care of the Corporation, aggregating over $35,000,000, that the net profits are only about $130,000? I have endeavored to answer this inquiry when addressing the Shareholders at previous annual meetings, but will again do so: With the exception of the investment of our capital funds, and of moneys given to us for investment under the Guaranteed Investment Principle, this Corporation is simply a corporate manager of estates, trusts and agencies committed to its care, and for such management and care we receive a moderate compensation fixed by the courts. We do not speculate with our capital funds, or with any funds, and even when we accept moneys for investment under the Guaranteed Principle, we do so strictly within the terms of the Trustee Investment Act. We do not underwrite or invest in any industrial issues. Under these circumstances our profits may be smaller than they otherwise might be, but in strictly adhering to this rule the investment of our capital money and that of our clients is as safe as human care can make it.

After all, while our profits do not, perhaps, equal those obtained by banks, or even long-established loan companies with large reserves, still we have from the origin of the company paid our Shareholders good dividends, and, in addition, have accumulated, almost entirely out of profits, a rest of $450,000. I think, therefore, that I am warranted in saying that the statements I have just read, and have commented on, should be satisfactory to the Shareholders. So much from the Shareholders' point of view in the Corporation's operations.

Coming now to the general work and utility of the Corporation, I have very little to add to what has been said at previous annual meetings. It will be seen on reference to our statement of Assets and Liabilities that the Corporation has now under its control and management assets to the extent of over $35,000,000, showing a net increase over 1907 of approximately $2,350,000. This, together with the fact that over $3,000,000 of new work, exclusive of Trusteeships for Bond Issues, etc., etc., has been placed under our care during the year, notwithstanding the increasing competition that exists between Trust Companies, shows that the Corporate Executor, Administrator and Trustee continues to gain in public favor. And why should it not, with the great advantages it offers over that of individuals acting in these capacities? An unchanging and undying trustee—a Board of Directors drawn from the best ability in the community, comprising presidents and directors of banks and loan companies, railway directors, lawyers, merchants and capitalists—methodical and systematic bookkeeping and a continuous audit of estates, accounts and securities—careful selection of mortgages and other investments for estate or trust funds, inspected by competent appraisers and passed upon by a competent Board, and the setting apart and earmarking of the securities to the estates or trusts to which they belong. All of this is done at a minimum of expense, the charges of the Corporation as fixed by the Courts of the Province being no greater than the compensation allowed to individual Trustees; indeed, if anything, rather less.

I might point out that of about $17,000,000 of Trust and Guaranteed Funds invested by the Corporation (exclusive of the unrealized original assets of estates), nearly $12,500,000 is invested in mortgages on real estate, indicating that the Corporation, while strictly keeping within the terms of the Trustee Investment Act, thereby safeguarding the Capital of the estates, is obtaining the largest possible revenue return for its clients. It will be seen, therefore, that, in addition to being the pioneer and largest Trust Company in Canada, we also take place as the second largest Mortgage Loaning Company.

In conclusion I wish to thank the members of the Advisory Boards at Ottawa and Winnipeg, and the staff of the Corporation, both at Head Office and Branches, for the interest and efficiency manifested in the discharge of their several duties during the year.

The President, Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., in moving the adoption of the report, said: On former occasions in moving the adoption of the annual report, I have dealt at some length upon the various functions of this Corporation, its aims and objects, and the advantages resulting to the public, all which matters have been discussed, and their particulars published, and are now well known; therefore, reference to them may, for this year, be dispensed with.

The Managing Director has, in his remarks, gone into the details of our year's operations, which I need not repeat. The report is shorter than usual, but not the less interesting, and not the less satisfactory, and I am sure it will commend itself to the Shareholders. A glance at the figures will give you some idea of the volume of business under the control of the Corporation, to manage which entails upon your Directors and the staff much anxiety, responsibility and labor, and the results, as shown in the statements, together with the increasing confidence of the public, speak for themselves. It is, therefore, with confidence I now move the adoption of the report, which motion will be seconded by the Hon. Mr. Wood.

The Report of the Directors was adopted, as was also the Report of the Inspection Committee, as presented by Sir Aemilius Irving.

The following Shareholders were elected Directors for the ensuing year: W. H. Beatty, W. R. Brock, John L. Blaikie, Hamilton Cassels, K.C., Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, K.C., Hon. W. C. Edwards, Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., M.P.P., Hon. J. M. Gibson, K.C., A. C. Hardy, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., Sir Aemilius Irving, K.C., Hon. Robert Jaffray, J. W. Langmuir, Thomas Long, W. D. Matthews, Hon. Peter McLaren, J. Bruce Macdonald, Hon. Sir Daniel McMillan, K.C.M.G., Samuel Nordheimer, E. R. Oster, M.P., J. G. Scott, K.C., B. E. Walker, D. R. Wilkie, Hon. S. C. Wood, Frederick Wyld.—Carried.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., was re-elected President, and Hon. S. C. Wood and W. H. Beatty, Vice-Presidents.

SOCIETY

The elopement which would have made a pretty mess of things in two families was stopped by the entrance into a Pullman of an elderly lady friend of the girl who had started on an ill-advised journey. The lady is no fool, and though rather shocked, took in the situation and acted quickly. She accosted the embarrassed pair and in a few words let them have a forecast of the consequences of their foolish and wrong action. Then she took the girl into her stateroom and kept her there, and the young man slipped off at the next station and returned by a passing train to Toronto. The young lady also returned next day to town, and the two young people are trying their best not to see one another as they pass by, for only on this condition is their secret to be kept. Funny what things happen that no one suspects.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt gave two bridge parties this week on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, at which most of the finest players in town did their best to win the pretty prizes, which, as Mrs. Nesbitt's prizes always are, were well worth putting up a big effort to secure.

Mrs. Douglas Young, who went to New York with her sister, Mrs. Mulock, has returned home.

The advent of the taxi-cab will be a great boon to Toronto, as anyone who has used them in London or in New York will heartily agree. The saving of time, the saving of money and the consequent pleasure and comfort procurable needs to be known to be realized.

The seventh annual dance of the Psi Phi Fraternity will take place on the evening of Feb. 16, at McConkey's.

A banquet was held on Wednesday night at the clubhouse of the "Deutscher Verein," 466 Church street, in honor of the birthday of the German Emperor William II. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion. Musical selections were given by an orchestra and Messrs H. Wiegand and W. Groeger contributed to the evening's entertainment. The following toasts were given: "King Edward VII.," by Mr. S. Oppenheimer; "Deutscher Kaiser," by Mr. J. Henry Peters; "Deutschland," by Rev. Dr. Radderoth; "Canada," by Mr. G. Heintzman; "Deutscher Verein," by E. Nerlich; "The Ladies," by G. Stover. Speeches were given by Messrs. S. Nordheimer, German Consul, Dr. W. R. Patton, G. Heintzman, A. C. Wegener, A. Weyerstall.

Those present were: Messrs. Emil Nerlich, President; J. H. Peters, first Vice-President; Henry J. Boehme, second Vice-President; A. Weyerstall, Secretary; S. Nordheimer, G. Heintzman, Rev. Dr. Redderoth, Dr. E. Jones, Otto Palm, Fred Killer, S. King, M. H. Ludwig, H. Simmers, S. Oppenheimer, G. Stover, A. C. Wegener, E. Gunther, Emil C. Boeckh, L. Frankel, S. Frankel, J. Kent, George Grupe, E. Ellis, C. E. Patton, S. Nordheimer, Jr., D. W. Livingstone, H. Wiegand, W. Groeger, P. Hebner, and others.

For fatigue, drink a refreshing glass of York Springs ginger ale. Especially appreciated after shopping. Unequalled in flavor. Absolutely pure.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

TORRENS—In Tillsonburg, Feb. 1, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Torrens, a daughter.

CAMERON—At Owen Sound, Jan. 30, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Colin Stewart Cameron, a daughter.

MELDRUM—In New Durham, Jan. 25, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Meldrum, a son.

DOBIE—At Ravenswood, Thessalon, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Doble, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BOWLEY-ELLIS—At the residence of the bride's mother, 9 Powell avenue, Rosedale, Toronto, Feb. 3, 1909, by Rev. Geo. Jackson, B. A., Susannah Jane, only daughter of the late Wm. H. Ellis, C.E., to Mr. Thomas Bowley, of Chicago.

ROSS-CLARKE—At Christ Church (Reformed Episcopal) Toronto, Jan. 27, 1909, by Rev. Willard Brewing, rector, Phyllis Ellen, eldest daughter of the late E. F. Clarke, M.P., to John Chapman Ross, son of Mr. Geo. Ross.

GALLAGHER-WINTERBERRY—At St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Rev. M. D. Whelan, Marion Winterberry, of Toronto, to Emmett Ernest Gallagher, barrister, of Chatham.

DEATHS.

CAMERON—At Owen Sound, Feb. 3, 1909, Margaret Stewart, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Stewart Cameron, aged four days.

BROWN—At Winnemaen Rectory, Ipswich, England, Feb. 1, Agnes, wife of Rev. Frederic Davey Brown.

ALLAN—At 107 Homewood avenue, Feb. 1, 1909, Adelaide Harriet, widow of the late Hon. G. W. Allan, in her 74th year.

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Shakespeare (Antony & Cleopatra).
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SCOTCH WHISKY
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guaranteed by the distillers to be ten years old.
In flavor it is soft and mellow—leaving no dry taste at the back of the tongue.
As a liqueur, as a drink—it is unrivalled.
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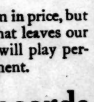

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The Way It's Done To-day.

ONE bleak winter morning a cold-looking individual walked into a small cafe.

"Morning," he said cheerily, addressing himself to the white-aproned attendant behind the bar.

"Morning," was the reply.

"How'd you like a sherry and egg this morning?" continued the stranger.

"Well, that sounds very good to me. Are you going to treat?"

"I'll furnish the eggs if you will contribute the sherry."

"Done," agreed the proprietor.

"All right, I'll be back in a minute," the frosted one called over his shoulder, as he walked toward the door.

Into the street and around the corner he made his way, and halted before a grocery-store, where the clerk was sweeping the steps.

"Morning," he said good-naturedly.

"Morning," came the reply.

"A little raw this morning," he pursued.

"Yep."

"How'd a sherry and egg go this morning?" he asked, rubbing some heat into his hands.

"Best thing I've heard to-day," announced the clerk, interested.

"Tell you what I'll do," the stranger continued; "I'll furnish the sherry if you'll furnish the eggs."

"Sure."

"All right, trot out three eggs and follow me."

And the stranger led the way back to the cafe.

"Here's the eggs," he announced to the proprietor.

"Here's the sherry," replied the proprietor, mixing the drinks.

"Here's how!" the three exclaimed in unison, and they drank the concoctions and replaced the glasses on the bar.

"By the way," said the proprietor to the grocery clerk, "you contributed the eggs, didn't you?"

"Yep," said the clerk, smacking his lips.

"And I furnished the sherry, didn't I?"

"Yep."

"Well, then"—turning to the stranger—"how'd you get in this deal?"

"Why, gentlemen," replied the stranger, as he bowed his way out, "my position is easily explained. I'm the promoter."—Lippincott's Magazine.

TRAVELLERS' READY REFERENCE.

(Trains leave Toronto daily)

FOR MONTREAL: 7.30 and 9.00 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. The 9.00 a. m. has parlor library cafe car to Montreal and through Boston sleeper. The 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. trains carry Pullman sleepers.

FOR LONDON, DETROIT AND CHICAGO: 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m. and 11.00 p.m., carrying Pullman sleepers. 8.00 a.m. and 4.40 p.m. have parlor library cafe cars.

FOR NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO AND NEW YORK: 9.00 a.m., 4.05 and 6.10 p.m., carrying cafe or buffet library parlor cars. The 6.10 p.m. has Pullman sleeper to New York. Remember the Grand Trunk is the only double track route to above points. Secure tickets and make reservations at City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, 'phone Main 4209.

Life must be pleasant, so many have complained that it is short

Society at the Capital

A LARGE number of very attractive visitors from Toronto and other points, who came to the Capital principally to participate in the many festivities attendant on the opening of Parliament have extended their stay for a week or two. In their honor numerous bright events have been transpiring two or three deep on each and every day, luncheons appearing to be the most favored mode adopted to entertain them. There were also several very *recherche* dinners, a number of bright teas and an exceedingly smart and enjoyable dance last week.

Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine was the hostess of the latter, and the racquet court for the occasion was again transformed into a most attractive ballroom. Hangings of scarlet bunting, lights softly shaded in rose-color, with banks of palms, ferns and flowering plants at the ends of the spacious hall, gave it a most pleasing and cheery aspect, and the supper downstairs was equally well arranged, the table being done in pink and white hyacinths and carnations and silver candelabra shaded in pink. Mrs. Lemoine and her two daughters received in the ante-room, the former wearing a very handsome gown of black Chantilly lace over white satin; Miss Lemoine, gowned in primrose satin embroidered in gold and pearls, Miss Pauline Lemoine being much admired in a particularly artistic gown of the palest grey *charmeuse* in directoire effect embroidered in silver and wearing a wreath of lily of the valley in her coiffure. This was not, as has so often been the case in the last few years, essentially a young people's dance, but included all the married people as well, a great many of whom wore the handsome gowns which were so much admired at the Drawing-room recently. Another departure from the general rule in force at the recent dances in Ottawa, was the fact that it was a "programme" dance, a change much approved of by the majority of the dancers.

Some of those from out of town who were noticed at this very pleasant function were Mrs. Martin, wife of Mr. Justice Martin, of Victoria, B.C., who was Mrs. H. B. McGivern's guest for a week; Miss Daisy Coates, of New York, who is staying with Miss Elinor Girouard; Mrs. W. Price, of Quebec; Miss Mulkey, of Detroit; Miss Jean Greylaw, of Pittsburg, Pa., who is with Col. and Mrs. A. P. Sherwood; Miss Margaret Chambers, of Quebec; Miss Gladys Grant, of Montreal; Miss Marion Graham, of Halifax; Miss Dorothy Vaughan, of Montreal, who is the guest of Mrs. H. K. Egan; Miss Cramer, of Troy, N.Y., who with Mrs. Cramer is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Woods; Miss Naomi Winslow, of Montreal, who is with Mrs. Remon; while Toronto was represented by a very attractive group, including Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Hazel Kemp, Miss Norah Gwynne, Miss Amy Saunders, Miss Muriel Jarvis, the Misses Schoenberger, and Miss Gertrude Tate. The best of music and a perfect floor tempted all the young people to keep up the dance until an early morning hour.

OF the many luncheons of the week both the young and married members of the fair sex had an ample share. The first one on Monday was given by Mrs. (Col.) Irwin, when her guests were Mrs. Frank Oliver, Madame Lemieux, Lady Taschereau and her guest, Mrs. Alexandre Taschereau, of Montreal; Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Stopford Maunsell, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. E. H. Heward, Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss, and Mrs. Hazen Hansard.

Mrs. George H. Perley's luncheon was among the many enjoyable events of the same day, and her guests included Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. E. C. Grant, and her visitor, Mrs. Murray, of Scotland; Mrs. Martin Griffin, Madame Girouard, Mrs. J. F. Kydd, Mrs. Allan Gill, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. J. J. Anderson of Edmonton, Mrs. James Smellie, Mrs. Remon, and Mrs. Lansing Lewis, of Montreal.

THE younger folk had their turn on Wednesday, when Mr. W. B. Northrup, M.P., and Mrs. Northrup invited them to luncheon at the Golf Club to meet two charming visitors from Toronto, Miss Hazel Kemp and Miss Flora Macdonald. Deep red carnations in combination with a pretty arrangement of broad red ribbons made a much admired table decoration, and each guest received as a favor a beautiful crimson rose which lay beside her cover. Those who enjoyed this dainty and well-arranged little event were: Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Edgar Rhodes, of Amherst, N.S.; the Misses Schoenberger, Miss Gertrude Tate, of Toronto; Miss Ethel Perley, Miss Elinor Girouard, Miss Daisy Coates, of New York; Miss Jean Greylaw, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Isobel Sherwood, Miss Marjorie McKeen, of Halifax; Miss Claudia Bate, Miss Pansey Mills, and her cousin, Miss Olive Mills, of Toronto; Miss Bessie Keefer, Miss Ada Davison, Miss Oswald Haycock, Miss Marion Graham, of Halifax; Miss Marjorie Monk, and Miss Kathleen Ewart.

MISS HILDA MURPHY'S guest, Miss Delphine Sylvester, of Toronto, was the *raison d'etre* of another very charming midday gathering, at which eighteen young people had a merry time. Miss Helen Matthews, of Toronto, came with her hostess, Mrs. H. Housser, and another Toronto visitor was Miss Merle Larkin.

This same charming young hostess entertained at a second equally delightful luncheon on Friday, when Miss Sylvester had the pleasure of meeting another group of Ottawa's bright girls as well as several of their visitors, among the latter being Miss Vassie, of St. John, N.B.; Miss Dorothy Vaughan, of Montreal; Miss Greylaw, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Flora Macdonald, and Miss Olive Mills, of Toronto. The table on both occasions was exquisitely arranged with pink roses.

INCLUDED in Wednesday's list of luncheons was a particularly charming one of twelve covers given by Miss Mary Davies in honor of Miss Flora Macdonald and Miss Hazel Kemp, of Toronto. Thursday's list numbered five of these popular mid-day gatherings, among them being Mrs. Montizambert's, given specially for Mrs. J. K. Kerr, at which Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, of Toronto, was also a guest; Mrs. J. W. Wood's in honor of her American guests, Mrs. and Miss Cramer, which included both young and married ladies; Mrs. George H. Perley's, at which Mrs. David McKeen, of Halifax, was the special guest, and which included sixteen of the Capital's matrons; and Miss Marion Masson's, when Miss Bessie Willis, of Montreal, was the honored guest, and at which Toronto was represented by Miss Helen Matthews and Miss Elizabeth Fraser.

MISS ELINOR GIROUARD on Friday invited sixteen bright young girls to meet her friend, Miss Daisy Coates, at one of the pleasantest luncheons of the week, when the table was lovely with crimson roses and fragrant mignonette.

HON. J. K. KERR, Speaker of the Senate, and Mrs. Kerr entertained at their first dinner party of the session on Thursday evening in the Speaker's Chambers. Their guests were Hon. William and Mrs. Gibson, of Beamsville; Hon. Daniel and Mrs. Derbyshire, of Brockville; Hon. George W. and Mrs. Ross, of Toronto; Hon. David and Mrs. McKeen, of Halifax; and Major S. St. Onge Chapleau, Clerk of the Senate, and Mrs. Chapleau. The table was most tastefully and generously decorated with pink roses, carnations and deliciously fragrant mignonette.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Feb. 1, 1909.

At the opening of Parliament on Thursday, among others in His Excellency's box, was Margaret A. Brown, the authoress of "My Lady of the Snows." A keen observer would have singled her out of the crowd of onlookers because of the intense eagerness of her eye and her *spirituelle* appearance.

"My Lady of the Snows" is not an ordinary book. Apart from the interest it invokes as the product of a Canadian woman born and brought up in Huron county, the book demands attention because of the ideals of Canadian life, which it presents. The modern spirit of materialism is depicted as having crept into Canadian life, and the higher idealism rises to the challenge. Idealism, of the highest and best type, is incarnated in the person of Modena Wellington, vulgar, deadening materialism, in the character of Verona Lennox. A constant fight is kept up between the two throughout the book, and if at times one becomes, like Modena Wellington, rather weary of the long drawn-out battle, one cannot help admiring the spirit and courage which the authoress has poured into her book.

There are a few slips which do not really affect the spirit of the book, and when the mist created by these errors is swept away, there is revealed an inspiring view of Canadian ideals. In her earnestness to create a National Spirit the authoress can be forgiven for the travesties she has committed.

HERE is another story about Taft in the far East that is told by Frederic S. Isham, the novelist:

Two Chinamen in Shanghai were discussing the President-elect's visit to that place after the departure of the Taft party.

"Mr. Taft is certainly a very big man," said one, making a gesture that implied a large circle as he spoke.

"He is that," answered the other. "We have certainly had a considerable sphere of American influence in our midst recently."

And yet they say Chinamen have no sense of humor.

The man who condones a neighbor's sin is often preparing his own repentance in advance.—Smart Set.

A young man makes love to the woman; an old man makes love to the sex.—Smart Set.

Stella—Parallel lines never meet. Knicker—How about a kiss?

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited

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The first shipment of our Spring Dress Goods is to hand and we are showing some of the very newest materials in this section which will be very interesting to the fashionably dressed woman.

New shades in Satin finish broadcloths, new silk warp cashmeres, silk and wool Ottomans, new Oriental silk crepes in the latest art shades, satin venetians, and new all wool French delaines in beautiful border and fancy designs, 30 inches wide and the best quality 40c., 45c. and 50c. a yard.

New Wash Goods

These new materials may now be chosen with confidence in being able to secure the newest goods in the lates styles and qualities at the lowest prices. Our range was never so good. Many of our customers prefer to choose these materials early in order to have them made up in the Dressmaker's slack time. Among the new materials just arrived are:

75 pieces of French Cambric Shirtings.
100 pieces of plain colored Chambrays.
200 pieces Scotch Zephyrs and Ginghams, small checks, plaids and stripes.
100 pieces Nurses' Costume Material in all the popular stripes and checks.
50 pieces of Galateas in all shades and stripes.

The sale of

DEWAR'S "Special Liqueur"

increases yearly!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

TO THE SOUTH AND SUMMER

To the residents of Western New York and Canada the call of the sunny lands of the South is particularly strong. It means an exchange of ice and snow and the dreary prospect of Winter for a mild and genial climate and the refreshing scenes of budding Spring.

Every years an increasing number respond to this call, and the trip is becoming more convenient each season. The "Night Express" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which leaves Buffalo at 10.45 P.M., with through sleeping cars to Washington, arrives at the National Capital at 10.35 the next morning, where connection is made with through trains to the leading winter resorts of the South, and through sleeping cars to Palm Beach, Miami, Knight's Key (for Havana), and Tampa.

The great advantage of the Pennsylvania is that it affords the direct route due south with the most accommodating through car service.

Additional express trains to Washington leave Buffalo at 9.00 A.M., and 7.30 P.M. daily.

A special excursion to Atlantic City will leave Buffalo on April 8, enabling persons to spend Easter Sunday at America's greatest resort. The round trip rate will be $11.00, and tickets will be good for fifteen days.

A special Easter excursion to Washington will leave Buffalo on April 7. Tickets good for ten days will be sold at rate of $11.00 for the round trip.

For full information concerning train service, rates of fare and Pullman accommodations, consult B. P. Fraser, P. A. B. D., 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

How Did You Fight?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

—Edward Vance Cook.

"Your husband seems so gloomy, Mrs. Smith. Is he a misanthrope?" "No, indeed; he's a Bryan Democrat."—Baltimore American.

In Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you have the fragrant berry at its best, with nutriment and stimulant combined.

Rightly made it is a strength-giving draught of real pleasure. Try it to-morrow morning.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

KABISTAN RUGS

These rugs are in small patterns, many with the prayer-rug design; colors are bright, weaving generally fine, nap short; they are excellent for bedrooms, passage ways, sitting rooms, etc. We have a splendid assortment, and our collection of Kabistan rugs is large and attractive. We are offering 25 per cent. discount off all our rug prices. Come and visit our show-rooms. We can show you any kind of rug you ask for in size, color or price.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

40 King Street East — Opp. King Edward Hotel

Rouge et Noir.

"Go on," my warm blood urges;
"'tis but sin."
"'Tis death," my cowled confessor warns: "come back."
Ah, soul of mine at hazard; who's to win
This breathless game between the Red and Black?

—Roy Temple House in The Smart Set.

Paderewski.

PADEREWSKI, who will make his only appearance of the season in Toronto on Feb. 25, at Massey Hall, is one of the most striking exemplars of the definition that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains. Granted that the fundamental genius was born in him, and granted, also, that he is endowed with a most unusual personality, neither of these would have counted for much had not Paderewski made his life one of unending work and had he not had the courage to overcome obstacles which would have proved fatal to most men.

Paderewski's life began with sorrow. His father was a prosperous farmer in Podolia in Russian Poland, and in 1863, when Ignace was three years old, he was banished to Siberia, whence he returned three years later a broken man. Paderewski's mother, from whom, it is said, he inherits his genius, died when he was a child. So it is that the great pianist has had to work out his career from childhood.

Unlike so many virtuosi, Paderewski had to wait until he was a grown man of twenty-eight before he began to get recognition from the public. His talent had manifested itself when he was very young, but it had no chance to develop. He was a boy in his teens before he had any real instruction in music in Warsaw, when he studied the piano under Janotha and harmony with Roguski. When he was sixteen he made his first concert tour in Russia, a complete failure from every point of view. He was desperately poor, this fact having urged him to try his luck with the public. It was winter and he had neither sufficient clothes nor sufficient food. Moreover, we have it from his own lips that he was in no way prepared to play in public. His technique was so wretched that whenever he came to a difficult passage he was forced to improvise to get through with it, hoping that none of his scanty audience would be any the wiser, nor did he know the music as he should.

Utterly discouraged, he made his way back to Warsaw, determined to devote himself to composition, feeling that he had no future as a pianist. Three years later, in 1879, he was made a professor in the Warsaw Conservatory, and married, his bride being a Polish girl named Rose Hassal. Their year of married life was one of privation, but happiness, and when she died, leaving him an infant son, Hyppolyte, he threw himself into his work with increased ardor, striving thus to forget his loss.

Despite his determination to abandon it after his first tour, the piano still called to him, and finally in 1884 he went to Vienna and began to study with his countryman, Leschetitski. Twenty-four is rather late for a man to prepare for a virtuoso's career, but Paderewski undertook this huge task and accomplished it. Those who were with him in Vienna never tire of telling of the tremendous amount of work this slender man did. He was at his piano morning, noon, and night, and played nothing but scales. His technique did not come naturally as does that of some pianists, and he lacked the solid childhood training which helps so much; but in four years of never-ceasing toil he made himself the marvellous pianist who was to bewitch all Europe and America.

He made his debut in Vienna in 1887. The following year he appeared for the first time in Berlin and Paris. His fame grew rapidly, and when he played in London for the first time on May 9th, 1890, expectation was keyed to the highest pitch. His first recital was a disappointment, but with his second began the series of astounding triumphs, the like of which the world has never seen.

What Canadian Editors are Saying

THE increasing tendency of universities to ally themselves to the ordinary business purposes of life is indicated by the suggestion recently made by the life insurance companies that the Ontario provincial university of Toronto should establish a new course of instruction dealing with accountancy, the elements of economics, the elements of insurance, the principles of finance, and so forth. This movement is in line with the advance step taken by several leading universities in the United States, in definitely including insurance courses in their curricula. In Canada, McGill has been a leader in recognizing the relation of the university to the commercial and financial world, but has not yet included in its business specific insurance studies.—Calgary Herald.

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In view of the need of retrenchment, it is reported, the Militia Department has decided that there will be no training camps for the rural battalions next summer. There need be no national trepidation on this account. The national integrity will be upheld by the headquarters' staff which will be maintained at a strength adequate to direct an army of 200,000 men. But apparently the people can't see the joke.—Ottawa Journal (Conservative).

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The wife-beater passes by easy graduations into the wife-murderer. A good smart application of the cat-o'-nine-tails in the early career might save him from the gallows.—Mail and Empire.

* * *

Canada will send two delegates to the conference called by President Roosevelt in Washington next month to discuss forestry problems of the whole continent. It is to be hoped that they will imbibe some of the enthusiasm of the President on the subject and that they will be able upon their return to impress upon the Dominion Government the necessity of sympathetic action.—Winnipeg Tribune.

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We are indebted to a contemporary for the information that "beauty is an asset." It will enable us to present a much better financial statement.—Kincardine Review.

* * *

The Dominion Government has received a private offer to purchase the Intercolonial. It is surmised that a syndicate of Pullman car porters are negotiating to take over the line.—Watford Guide-Advocate.

* * *

The movement in the Roman Catholic Church against the prevalent profanity of the day deserves the support of all citizens of whatever creed. The man who has to resort to bad language to express his ideas often has few ideas worthy of expression. Habitual swearing indicates an impoverished vocabulary. — Toronto News.

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For an off-year, the Canadian annual bank statements, which are now appearing, are surprisingly satisfactory. They prove that business is essentially sound.—London Advertiser.

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The Pullman Car Company claims that it pays its porters an average of $25 per month. How much more would it have to pay these men if tips were abolished?—Brantford Expositor.

* * *

A lawyer at the High Court the other day spread himself on how he would deal with the newspapers, if he had the power. The Judge talked a little while gently, about lawyers, libel suits and costs, and then the jury found a verdict for the newspaper. —Hamilton Times.

* * *

The Free Press seems to object to Dr. Macdonald's appointment as postmaster of London on account of his age. The Free Press should remember, however, that people with "Mac" to their names do not grow old so quickly as some others.—Goderich Signal.

* * *

Each province in Eastern Canada should provide itself with an organized force of rural mounted police, to be distributed throughout the province, and directed from a central office, through sub-officers stationed at suitable points, each local officer having several contiguous counties, and a certain number of men under his immediate supervision. These men should be, for the most part, kept on the move patrolling the countryside, discharging, incidentally, such duties as enforcing observance of the automobile laws, compelling the cutting of noxious weeds, viewing fences, and filling other offices for which special municipal officers are now appointed. A force such as the above, allowing two or three men to a county, would cost something, but the expenses would be cheerfully borne. Maintenance of law and order is the first duty of government, and it must not be neglected, no matter what the cost.—Farmer's Advocate.

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Unto This Last.

IT must end, then? Now? To-day? Well, I have but this to say:

High design and dear desire
Went to feed your altar fire—
Honor and ambition toss'd
In the flame, nor counted lost.
Tinsel gold? Ah, false or true,
What I had I gave to you—
All; and you (how shall I say?)
Took it, smiled, and glanced away;
Swift to love me, yes; and yet
Swifter, Princess, to forget!
Half a humming bird and half
Woman. I can hear you laugh,
Careless (so the world is kind)
Of the wounds you leave behind—
Heedless, heartless, beautiful.

Thus I love you: just to do
All these things again for you;
Just to be a vessel wrought
For your pleasure: life and though
Crushed for you to drink of; then,
With the cups of other men
Offered, just to have you say:
"It was sweet"—and toss away!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in The Smart Set.

WEEK-END TRIPS.

No better hotel accommodation in Canada than at Niagara Falls, Ont. In full view of the cataract, beautiful scenery, just the place for a quiet, restful Sunday. Return fare from Toronto $4.10. St. Catharines is also an excellent place for a week-end. Return fare from Toronto $3.60. Trains leave Toronto 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m. daily. Secure tickets at Grand Trunk City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, 'phone Main 4209.

We confidently expect President Roosevelt to keep up the interest until the fall of the curtain.—Chicago News.

Knowing that money is the root of all evil, most of us are trying to dig it up.—Smart Set.

Art Gossip.

SIR HUBERT HERKOMER, whose fame as an artist needs no advertisement, seems to think that the price of pictures is too high and that this is due not to artistic recognition, but to a mere idiotic desire to buy something costly. Americans, he says, bid against one another for the mere lust of possession and without any regard to the value of the picture. That A wants to buy a certain work is sufficient reason for B to determine that he shall not have it, and so the insane duel goes on so that real picture lovers are debarred altogether except at prohibitive prices.

Take, says Sir Hubert, the case of Millet's "Angelus." The artist sold it for £40. It was then sold for £72, then for £480, then for £1,520, then for £6,400, while the latest "American duelist" acquired it for £32,000. Yet its artistic value had not increased to the extent of a cent. "It is monstrous," concluded Sir Hubert, "that art should be utilized for the purposes of speculation in the sale room. This gambling has become a disease."

Gambling is of course wrong, but it is not clear that any gambling is involved in this instance. Pictures that contain any vitality at all tend to increase in value, and the value of a picture is not a matter of calculation of cost and profits, but simply of what it will fetch in the market. When Millet's "Angelus" was sold for £40 that was its value and no more, if that was the highest price obtainable. If it has been eventually sold for £32,000, then £32,000 is its value. There is no way to ascertain the value of a picture except to offer it for sale. Whatever is bid for it is its value. Millet's "Angelus" is admittedly unique. It is admittedly a picture that any man might wish to possess, but as it can be possessed by one person only, it is not unnatural that there should be keen competition and that the longest purse should carry it away.

So far from there being any boom in art, Sir Hubert Herkomer says that things are quite the other way, in spite of fabulous prices paid by a few rich men. And, worse still, the bad times are not the result of a money scarcity, but of a failing interest in art. Illustrators, wood-engravers, and painters in England are all more or less out of work. The illustrator has been superseded by the camera, the engraver by the mechanical process, and the water colorist by the sketcher. The public is willing enough to accept the change and to buy photographs where once it bought paintings.

* * *

Henri Rochefort, that strange Parisian journalist who is always readable except when he writes of red revolution and the midnight torch, issues a word of warning against the European art dealer. He says that there is not an honest one among them, and that if by chance one of them should stray into rectitude it would simply be a mark of his incompetence. He says: "Why should they know anything about art? They are stable boys to-day, art experts tomorrow. One of the most successful art experts in Paris was a bill-poster a few years ago. Any one may be an art expert who chooses to put up a sign. There are no qualifications, no diploma. A man simply calls himself an art expert and that settles it. And these are the fellows you rich Americans deal with." The expedients of the impostor are, of course, well known, the cunning varnishes, the stains, the flyspecks, the shotholes, but they continue to deceive as of yore. It is not only the private collector that is the victim. The art galleries themselves with their staff of experts show an unexpected gullibility. Rembrandt's portrait of Sobieski in the Louvre is said to be a copy, the original being in Russia, while experts shake their heads mournfully over many a treasured picture of the European galleries.

But, after all, what does it matter? asks The Argonaut, which then proceeds: An imitation that is so good as to set the best experts by the ears is surely good enough for the private collector. Why deprive the poor man of the keen delight of possessing a Rembrandt or a Titian if what he does possess is just about as good? Most of the joys of life come from the imagination, so let us save our maledictions and hail the art dealer, the adept of the spurious, as one of the benefactors of the race.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

ELK LAKE—MONTREAL RIVER DISTRICT.

A branch of the bank has been opened at Elk Lake, under the management of Mr. A. H. Seguin, formerly Accountant at Cobalt branch.